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THE NURSING TIMES

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CHRISTMAS GREETING

As traveller meeting traveller on his way
Will give him greeting in a kindly strain,
So we to each. Christmas comes round again
With mirth and cheer. Wandering on life's highway
We greet now friend, now stranger, though we may
But give a word to this—a word in vain;
A smile to that who may the smile disdain;
And yet, who knows? No mortal man can say:
Perhaps these salutations as they fall
May come to wayfarer whose step is slow,
O'er whom the sky hangs darkly as a pall,
In whom the fire of hope burns dim and low:
Perchance, a word will happiness recall;
Perchance, a smile will make the embers glow.

Elizabeth B. Piercy.

NURSING NOTES

Contracts.

Two County Court Judges, the one in London, the other in the North of England, gave formal judgment last week in cases in which nurses were defendants. In the London case, a Miss Ford was under contract to remain in the service of a nursing institution in Weymouth-street (superintendent, Mrs. D. M. Burghard) for two years, but having had a disagreement wth her authority left of her own accord before the expiry of that time. Damages for breach of contract were consequently sought against her. In the other case a Miss E. Wheeldon, L.O.S., having joined a nursing home in Birkdale (proprietress, Miss M. A. Towle), signed a few days later a contract by which she undertook, amongst other things, not to do within five miles of the institution and for a period of five years from the termination of her engagement any work unconnected with it. In less than a month, however, she was dismissed and took a case some three miles away only. Damages were therefore sought against her likewise, and also an order from the Court forbidding her to work as a nurse within the stated distance. There are several points of interest in connexion with both these cases, but the one of most material importance is that in both instances the plaintiffs were successful. Both nurses had committed clear breaches of contract, and both had to suffer for it, in spite of circumstances which many people might consider to justify their action. What has to be remembered is that courts of law will always uphold contracts however unfair they be, unless they are of an immoral character or against the public interest. Nurses therefore ought to be very careful as to what agreements they sign. In signing those between themselves and public bodies such as hospitals there is less need for caution, since they are likely to be reasonable and fair. No such assumption, however, should be made in the case of private or semi-private institutions, and it should be borne in mind that the document submitted has been drawn up, primarily at any rate, in the interest of the other side. Why sign a contract or agreement at all? Simply because professional nurses, unlike domestic servants and some other classes of workers, are not protected by the Common Law, and in the absence of definite proof of agreement to the contrary they would be liable to dismissal at a moment's notice.

Misplaced Sarcasm.

It has pleased certain of the halfpenny Press to expend a good deal of cheap wit on the "paupers' palace," as they prefer to term the new Hammersmith Infirmary and Workhouse, opened recently by Princess Henry of Battenberg. From the lift, provided to convey patients from one floor to another, and the arrangements made for the safety and due care of mother and infants in the maternity ward, to the electric lighting and the library in the workhouse, each modern substitute for out-of-date methods are made the subject for jest. One would ask the writers of such thoughtless nonsense to reflect, and for one moment to take a broad view of the facts deplored. Would any reasonable person, in building a hospital for the sick of any class, dispense with lifts, in order that an army of porters must be kept to carry helpless cases up and down the stairs? Or, in the year of grace, 1905, put in gas, so that cleaning operations, necessary for health, have to be carried out at much cost every year? Or leave the poor, who have to take refuge in the walls of a workhouse—and few will go there of their own free will unless illness or want compels—without the educative solace of books? As a matter of fact, the workhouse and infirmary in question are conspicuously free from superfluous luxury. Those essentials which will help towards the speedy recovery and restoration to work of the acute cases are well provided for, and these make for economy in the end. It is surely good that the building and fittings are solid, and

that cheerfulness, instead of soul-depressing and degrading ugliness, is the prevailing note of our new Poor Law buildings. So long as these must exist, let them, in Heaven's name, be of a type which will tend to the regeneration and improvement of all who enter their walls. The writers of these wails about extravagance might profitably turn their attention to other matters where criticism would be better deserved.

Gartloch Asylum.

Since the lips of the officials are, we understand, strictly sealed, it is somewhat difficult to get at the truth of the revolt of the nurses at Gartloch. The Glasgow papers are full of the matter, and the Clerk to the Council, who was interviewed, states that there was very small cause for complaint, and that the whole thing arose about "a paltry half-hour per week." He said that it was absolutely essential to dismiss the ringleaders and maintain order. On the other hand, Mr. Haddow, an ex-member of the Council, has been ranging himself on the side of the discontented nurses, and further inquiry is promised. It is stated in his letter to the Press that the nurses are not even "allowed to laugh," and he concludes by advising them as follows:—"Kick out, lassies, organise, agitate, strike if need be, arbitrate if you can, demand a 60-hour week; don't mind the bunkum of going to gaol." One cannot have much sympathy with tactics of this kind; even if the grievances are real, the nurses seem to have been ill-advised by their friends. It seems that only two or three of the nurses have resigned, and not the whole staff, as was previously stated. We are also glad to see that another letter has been sent to the paper by the staff, signed "The Majority," in which they repudiate all responsibility for the somewhat undignified letter signed "The Nursing Staff," to which we referred last week.

"Strikes," by the way, are evidently spreading to the professional classes, for we see that the whole medical staff of the Exeter Dispensary are to "come out" in consequence of alleged "insults."

Ardwick Nurses' Home.

Another nursing matter is being warmly discussed in the newspapers, and that is the proposed removal of the Ardwick Nurses' Home to Plymouth Grove. The Manchester medical men complain that the suggested new home, which, as our readers will remember, was kindly offered as a gift by the Misses Gaskell, is too far from the populated quarters where the nurses work, but we learn from the authorities that it is impossible to get a cheap house at Ardwick, and that in view of the excellent car service the matron is confident that the nurses will be able to carry on their work successfully. This is the main point, and we may be sure that the matron will have given the matter her earnest consideration, since anything that would interfere with the efficiency of her nurses' work will react on her own reputation.

A Kindly Invitation.

The hon. secretary of the East Grinstead Nursing Association writes to us to offer a room, free of rent, for three months to any tired nurse requiring rest in bracing air. As no board or attendance can be given this invitation would not be suitable for an invalid, but would prove a boon to set up a nurse who is recovering from an illness and is anxious to get up her strength. We are sure that one of our readers will be very glad to avail herself of this kind offer made by Miss Everard, whose address is Newlands, East Grinstead.

Rotherhithe District Nurses.

We wonder who first devised that delightful method of raising funds by inducing authors to read extracts from their own works to a public audience. A good reading is always appreciated, and the attraction of seeing some favourite writer in the flesh is usually strong enough to draw a large audience. On Saturday afternoon last the way to Birkbeck College was shown more plainly than by sign-posts by the procession of brown and blue uniforms going to hear the reading arranged on behalf of the Rotherhithe District Nursing Association. Mr. Pett Ridge, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, and Mr. Barry Pain kindly gave their valuable time, and their readings were heartily enjoyed. Though one may hear them over and over again, one cannot help laughing at the quaintness of "Eliza's" husband, of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's seafaring folk, and Mr. Pett Ridge's commonplace but lovable Cockneys. The hall was crowded, and a good trade was done in autographed programmes, with the result that the work of the nurses in the squalid homes of Rotherhithe will be enabled to continue and extend.

An Assistant Nurse Wanted for Falmouth.

It seems a pity that the Falmouth Guardians took the retrograde step recently of setting aside the report of the House Committee which recommended the addition of an assistant nurse to the staff. It appears that there is one nurse for 30 patients, there is no night nurse, the wards are on two floors for male and female patients, the largest holds seven beds, and most of them have three or four beds; the nurse has two divisions to look after, so that, however good may be her intentions, she cannot be said to *nurse* the patients. Mrs. Fox, a lady guardian, appealed urgently for an assistant nurse; doubtless the difficulties of being in two places at one time, and of seeing round corners, was quite apparent to her, and it was a grievous mistake that the Guardians allowed themselves to be influenced by side issues. Still, it may be that there are secret counsels to erect a new infirmary, which is much wanted in Falmouth, as it is practically the hospital of the town.

Typhus in Ireland.

The death of three nurses who were engaged in nursing typhus fever patients among the poverty-stricken inhabitants on the west coast of

Ireland is mentioned in a medical paper. One of the nurses had been sent from the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, another was Nurse Vatry, from the Cork Street Fever Hospital, and the third was the niece of a well-known Dublin physician. It was thought by many people that this terrible disease had been exterminated from the district, but the fallacy of this supposition is clearly shown in the case of these three women who have fallen victims to the outbreak, from which they were endeavouring to save their poorer brethren. Nurse Donald, who has on more than one occasion contributed to these columns, has also, we learn with great regret, contracted the disease.

Ashton Union Infirmary.

A large number of guests were present at the recent opening ceremony of the new Workhouse Hospital and Nurses' Home, erected by the Board of Guardians at Ashton. The new buildings had been a necessity for some time past, as often over ninety of the inmates have had to sleep on the floor. The infirmary is built in pavilions, of which at present only four have been erected, but in the event of extension the plans are laid down for eight. The Nurses' Home has thirty-one bedrooms, a drawing-room, quarters for the home sisters, a lecture hall for the probationers, and the usual offices. The buildings are all warmed by steam passed through calorifers. Miss F. Tattersall, the superintendent nurse, was present with the members of the medical staff.

Harrogate Isolation Hospital.

We are glad to see that at the luncheon held to celebrate the opening of the Harrogate Joint Isolation Hospital the chairman acknowledged gracefully the work of the nursing staff. Mr. D. S. Wilson, in a witty speech, stated that he had to thank the present matron and her predecessors for their perfect conduct of the hospital. Thanks had come from rich and poor for mercies vouchsafed. He trusted that those who ministered at the new institution would be successful in their labours. It had been woman who had redeemed and inspired humanity. When they desired a dynamic for service, they found it in the talented devotion of a woman's nature. Man's ingenuity could do a great deal, but woman's wit would always win. The other day he heard a prominent K.C. give the following couplet on woman, which he considered appropriate:—

> "The fee simple and the simple fee
> And all the fees entail
> Are nothing when compared with thee,
> Thou best of fees—female."

Favourite Amusements.

An item of news which has reached us from the Clovelly Nursing Home, Harrogate, touches a rather interesting point, namely, as to what form of amusement is most popular with nurses. From Miss Pimlott, the matron, we learn that the nurses were given their choice of a dinner, a dance, or a whist drive, as a Christmas entertainment, and that they chose the last. Each nurse is to invite a friend, and as there are twenty nurses in the home, there will be a large gathering. New Year's Day is the day chosen as being more convenient than earlier in the week.

We have not heard that whist or any other card game is particularly popular with the nurses in our large hospitals, but there is no doubt that a game of cards is an innocent and stimulating form of amusement which diverts the mind successfully from all the worries of the day.

South London Nursing Association.

At the recent meeting of the South London District Nursing Association, despite a dense fog, there was a large gathering. Mr. John Burns, M.P., was unavoidably absent, having been called to Buckingham Palace. One of the local medical men spoke of the excellent work done by the nurses. The nurse seemed able to convert a slum dwelling into a veritable hospital ward, and was ever willing to be at the beck and call of the doctor. Over 368 of the cases had been recommended by the local clergy, and 1,000 by the doctors, which he thought showed that the doctors ought to do their share in contributing to the expenses of the Association. He regretted that the subscriptions had fallen off to the extent of about £100, and an appeal was made for fresh subscribers.

Midwives and the Doctor's Fee.

In his book on "Medicine and the Public," Dr. Squire Sprigge bases several remarks on "the flattering but embarrassing reliance shown to the profession by Parliament as afforded by the Midwives Act." It is an easier matter to write pithy sentences on a difficult subject after the battle than to do a little hard "spade-work" in an unpopular cause at the right time, and the question of the payment of medical men was constantly brought forward by the promoters of the Midwives Bill, and many solutions were proposed, on none of which the medical profession could decide to unite. The truth is that doctors were, with some honourable exceptions, so occupied in opposing all legislation for the better training and supervision of midwives, that they did not give time at the proper stage to draw up a practical scheme to be incorporated in the Bill. Such action would not only have protected their pockets, but would have hastened legislation considerably. Now that the Midwives Act is acknowledged by county medical officers to be capable of great service to the community, we hope that doctors will unite in presenting to the bodies interested in the question a workable schedule of fees which shall commend itself to the whole profession. The fact should, however, not be lost sight of that the doctor is not the only sufferer as regards payment in attending very poor patients; the midwife, far more often than is generally known, either can get no fee, or voluntarily remits its payment in pity for the poverty of which she is able to judge only too well.

Miss Pringle's Book.

No better review can be given to a nursing book than to say that it has met with the approval of Miss Spencer, superintendent of nurses at the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. Miss Spencer is one of the recognised authorities on nursing matters, and she has ordered 200 copies of Miss Pringle's book, "A Study in Nursing" (Macmillan, 1s.), for distribution among her staff. Miss Pringle, before going to St. Thomas's Hospital, was herself superintendent of nurses at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

It was instructive to hear in a recent speech from Miss Böge, who, as superintendent of a large Training Home for Queen's nurses, has to deal with nurses coming often direct from their hospital training, that "nurses often need the work of the district to make them human." That, as Miss Böge put it, it would do hospital matrons much good to have a year themselves "in the district," where they would learn to know patients as individuals rather than as "cases," and would gain experience of the utmost value in their after-dealing with their probationers, may well be believed. There is, from cumulative evidence, on all sides, no doubt that purely hospital training often turns out a very indifferent private nurse.

A noble "Christmas Box" of £30,000 has been given to Glossop by Captain Partington, the head of a firm of paper makers, and a member of the Town Council. This goodly gift is to be applied to the founding of a free convalescent home for the sick poor, with the addition of a staff of properly trained nurses, who are to visit the poor in their own residences and instruct the mothers in hygiene, housekeeping, and the rearing of children. No more beneficent form could have been found for a gift to the town with which Captain Partington has been so long connected.

At the meeting of constituents of the Hospital Sunday Fund last Monday, the decision to give grants not exceeding five per cent. of the total to district nursing societies was formally ratified. The Rev. E. H. Pearce and Mr. F. H. Norman spoke of the help given to hospital work by district nurses, who not only kept a great many cases from seeking hospital relief, but looked after discharged patients in their own homes.

We wish all success to Miss Florence Warcup, who has started in Nice a Co-operation of Trained Nurses, to be sent as required to any town on the French or Italian Riviera. The headquarters are in a large airy flat at No. 18, Boulevard Victor Hugo, Nice, and a nursing home for invalids is to be carried on in connection with the Co-operation.

Miss Katharine S. Macqueen has been appointed as an additional inspector under Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses. Miss Macqueen was trained at the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, was appointed Queen's Nurse in 1894, and was superintendent of the Cornwall County Nursing Association from July, 1903, to January, 1905.

MEDICAL NOTES

Anæsthetics and Children.

In the course of a recent paper on the anæsthetising of young children, Dr. Flora Murray,[1] one of the resident medical officers at the Belgrave Hospital for Children, mentions a point of some nursing importance. She thinks it on all accounts desirable that anæsthesia should be induced as quickly as possible, and in view of this dislikes to have the child too much restrained. All that is necessary is that the nurse or other person assisting the anæsthetist shall prevent the child clutching the face-piece, or its attached bag, otherwise the child may kick and wave its arms as much as it pleases. Physical restraint excites and annoys, even in babies, while in older children it creates, in the circumstances, a feeling of terror; this, apart from its intrinsic drawbacks, may add to the difficulty of getting the child "under," and militate against the success of the subsequent operation. The main purpose of Dr. Flora Murray's paper is to advocate the adoption of ethyl chloride instead of chloroform as the routine anæsthetic for babies under a year old, whenever the operation is not expected to last more than ten or fifteen minutes. The principal advantages she claims for it are that anæsthesia is rapidly induced and rapidly disappears, and that after-effects are so few and inconspicuous that the patient can quickly be dismissed; the time, in short, of nurses and others is saved. This part of her paper is not very convincing, and though safety is one of the advantages claimed, some incidents which she relates make it obvious that safe administration of this drug requires at least as much caution and experience as chloroform. It is as an anæsthetic for babies that the latter has hithero been considered least open to objection.

Appendicectomy: After-Results.

An attempt which has been made by Mr. Lawrence Jones, of St. George's Hospital,[2] to assess the late after-results of removal of the appendix is interesting, though the series of cases must be regarded as too small for the establishment of probable averages. He has managed to obtain the after-histories of 87 patients out of some 184 cases of appendicitis treated by operation at St. George's Hospital during the years 1900, 1901, and 1902. Of these 87 patients, 54, or 62 per cent., had enjoyed perfectly normal health since the operation. Of the rest, 27 had, generally speaking, been in good health, but from time to time had had some symptom or other which recalled their attention to the scar. The remaining 6 were dissatisfied with their health, 3 having ventral hernia and 2 occasionally severe local pain. Mr. Jones also attempted, though not very successfully, to determine the effect of the stage

[1] *Lancet*, November 25th, p. 1542.
[2] *Lancet*, December 2nd, p. 1615.

of appendicitis at which a successful operation has been undertaken on the after-history. So far as the figures go on this point, they show, as was to be expected, that unpleasant after-effects are least likely to occur when operation has been early undertaken—*i.e.*, before general infection has occurred or adhesions been formed. One important point seems to have escaped the author's observation—the relative influence of the precise operation performed on the after-tendency to ventral hernia. Of this there was distinct evidence in 9 cases, and actual hernia in 4 others. It would have been interesting to learn in how many of these the abdominal muscles were actually cut, and in how many, if any, they were merely split, according to the improved method of McBurney.

Common Colds.

Every year or two a discussion breaks out on the question of the pathology and treatment of common nasal catarrh, and one of these is at present in progress. For many sufferers a cold is an inconvenience and nothing more, but there are others to whom it is something very much worse—a definite illness, which, for the time being, owing to the severity of the nasal or conjunctival symptoms, quite unfits them for their ordinary occupation. To colds of this order there seems a distinct family tendency, and possibly they have some connection with what is termed the gouty diathesis. In the case of children specially subject to severe colds, dietetic errors in the direction of too much starchy food may underlie them, while in adults, at and past middle life, the error may be in the use of too much meat, or other nitrogen-containing food. Bacteriologically, there are at least three micro-organisms found associated with cases which clinically appear to be instances of simple catarrh—the influenza bacillus of Pfeiffer, the *M. catarrhalis* of Kirchner, the *B. coryzae segmentosus* of Cautley. What their respective importance may be is not clear, but in any case there is good reason for believing that the term nasal catarrh is at present made to cover several distinct complaints. In some degree this explains the marked difference of opinion which exists as to the best way of treating colds. Much value has been claimed for local treatment, such as Ferrier's snuff (a mixture of bismuth, gum acacia, and morphia), and for carbolic and menthol sprays, and that such treatment may be effective in cases of mere congestion, or occasional instances of strictly localised infection, is quite possible. The nose, however, is not a simple mucous-lined tube, but has communicating with it other cavities so intricate and numerous that it is difficult to believe that any form of spray or snuff could be distributed sufficiently thoroughly to prove effective in a microbe-borne complaint. On the other hand, some benefit may be expected from toning up the system to throw off the attack by rapidly acting tonics, such as quinine, and from attention to the action of the skin and bowels, and temporary avoidance of the irritation of cold air.

Music and Nerves.

An interesting plea for the employment of music as a form of medical treatment is made by Miss Maud Matras in a recent number of the *Monthly Musical Record*. Miss Matras takes as her text the undeniable effect which sound has upon both the sensory and motor nerves, and concludes with the statement that "music, if carefully directed and properly administered, would have power to woo those all-important fibres from an abnormal state back to their normally healthy condition." It is, indeed, surprising that more attention has not been given to the subject by the medical profession, for all but the coarsest organisations are affected by music in various ways, and to a striking degree. Music, indeed, often produces a sort of intoxication or hypnotism, and the effect of stirring military music in engendering courage is well known. Music can also engender feelings of sentiment or gaiety, and its soothing influence in the case of nerve irritation is potent. It therefore remains for an enterprising doctor to draw up a schedule of treatment, and prescribe a certain dose of the different composers, varying, of course, with each patient and with each complaint.

THE MEDICAL JOURNALS

Chief articles:—

Lancet, December 16th.

The Bradshaw Lecture entitled Carcinoma is a Parasitic Disease. By Henry T. Butlin, F.R.C.S., D.C.L.

A Lecture on Habit Spasm in Children, by George F. Still, M.A., M.D.Cantab., F.R.C.P.Lond.

A New Synthesis of Tyrosine from Anhydrous Prussic Acid and Oxy-Benzaldehyde: an Explanation of its Mode of Formation in the Animal Body. By P. W. Latham, M.D.Cantab.

Some Investigations of the Nervous Manifestations of Acute Rheumatism. By F. J. Poynton, M.D.Lond., F.R.C.P.Lond., and Alexander Paine, M.D.Lond.

The Leptus Autumnalis and its Skin Lesion. By William MacLennan, M.B., C.M.

The Treatment of Tuberculosis of the Urinary System by Tuberculin (T.R.). By John G. Pardoe, M.B.Aberd., F.R.C.S.Eng.

Æsculin in Conjunction with Finsen Light in the Treatment of Lupus Vulgaris. By George H. Graham, M.D. Durh.

Sanatoriums for the Workers: their Need and Utility. By Charles H. Garland.

A Case of Septic Paraphimosis. By Herbert Arthur Smith, M.D.Durh.

A Note on a Case of Complete Inversion of the Uterus. By P. L. Townley, B.A., M.B., Ch.M.Syd.

British Medical Journal, December 16th.

Carcinoma is a Parasitic Disease. By Henry T. Butlin, F.R.C.S., D.C.L. (Illustrated.)

Observations on the Heredity of Insanity. By A. R. Urquhart, M.D., F.R.C.P.E.

Prognosis in Mental Diseases. By Robert Jones, M.D., B.S., F.R.C.S.

An Address on Post-Mortem Examinations which do not Reveal the Cause of Death. By Fred. J. Smith, M.D., F.R.C.P.

Union of Severed Nose. By J. M. Renton, M.B.Edin. —The Albuminuria of Pregnancy. By John Spurway, M.B., C.M.Ed.—Sudden Death and the Thymus Gland. By Edward Jessop, L.R.C.P.—A New Treatment for "Housemaid's Knee." By F. A. Field, M.D.

WEIGHT EXTENSION

PROFESSOR HOWARD MARSH, in a recent lecture at the Polyclinic,[1] dealt in detail with the principles underlying the treatment of knee and hip diseases by weight-extension.

The object in view, of course, is to draw the affected joint surfaces apart—in the one case the head of the tibia from the condyles of the femur, and in the other the head of the femur from the acetabulum. This effected, the principal source of pain and irritation—interosseous pressure—is removed, and the joint given a chance of recovering itself.

Weight-extension has long been admittedly the best means of abolishing this interosseous pressure, but to apply it effectively needs considerable care. In either joint the difficulty is due to the same cause. The first result of the joint inflammation is to cause reflex spasm in the flexor muscles of the thigh and leg respectively.

Thus when the knee-joint is diseased the leg is flexed on the thigh by the hamstring muscles, and when the hip is affected, the thigh is drawn up towards the abdomen principally by the ilio-psoas muscle.

If in applying extension the action of these muscles and consequent flexion is disregarded, the only result can be to convert the leg and thigh respectively into levers with the affected joint as a fulcrum, and the contracted muscle as the resistance. In this case, therefore, the interosseous pressure, instead of being abolished, is increased, the joint surfaces being more closely ground together.

The extension, therefore, must be so applied that the contracted muscles do not interfere with its action. In the case of the knee this can be managed by flexing the thigh upon the abdomen to any extent required to make the bent leg perfectly horizontal, and the weight-and-pulley extension must be applied precisely in the same line. The thigh, of course, must be supported and fixed at the right angle, and for this purpose Professor Marsh has invented a splint, ingeniously arranged so that as the muscular spasm and contraction day by day diminish, the angle can be correspondingly lessened. Naturally, the leg must be kept horizontal throughout, and the height of the pulley duly adjusted day by day.

The considerations in the case of hip disease are even simpler still. To prevent the spasmodic contraction of the hip muscles interfering with the extension (1) the leg must be fully extended on the thigh, or, in other words, the limb must be straight; (2) the thigh, when the weight-and-pulley extension is begun, must be left flexed on the abdomen at whatever angle the contracted muscles naturally cause it to assume when the patient is lying perfectly flat on his back. So long as the muscular spasm continues the thigh should be kept supported at this angle without the help of the muscles themselves, by a triangular cushion of appropriate size. The pull of the extension apparatus will then act directly on the hip-joint, and not upon the contracted muscles. In this case, of course, the pulley wheel should not be on the same level as the limb, but in precisely the same line as the latter, and at any height which the heel would reach if the limb were long enough to touch a post standing vertical at the foot of the bed and at a right angle to its surface. In these principles there is nothing novel, but the fact that Professor Howard Marsh has thought it worth while to re-enunciate them seems to indicate that in his opinion they are often somewhat overlooked. In this he is probably right, as, apart from failure to keep the leg perfectly horizontal in cases of knee-joint disease, it is sufficiently common to find the pulley of a hip extension apparatus placed too high or too low. Of the value of extension properly applied no one can have any doubt who has ever watched a child fall off peacefully to sleep as soon as the weight has been applied, and the starting pains relieved.

[1] *Lancet*, November 11th, p. 1386.

TYPHOID INFECTION

DURING the Lincoln outbreak of typhoid fever there were frequent reports of cases of direct or personal infection, and such, according to Dr. Christopher Childs,[1] are everywhere of much commoner occurrence than is usually supposed. It seems to him possible that the type of disease may have changed, and that this may account for the view so long and so strongly held that direct infection is very rare. In general hospitals cases of typhoid are scattered and comparatively few; consequently most clinical physicians fail to observe instances of infection, and so adhere to the older belief. The existence of infectivity he thinks becomes obvious if mass statistics are employed. In support of his view he states that Dr. F. W. Andrewes, after due investigation in six London hospitals some ten years ago, concluded that typhoid fever was at least twenty times more common among nurses than among women of the same age but otherwise occupied. He also reminds us that Dr. E. W. Goodall has shown that, during the eight years preceding 1900, for every thousand cases of typhoid treated in the hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board there were sixteen cases among the staff, the ratio rising to twenty-five per thousand in one particular institution. He suggests that if direct infection is so common among trained persons using reasonable care, it must be still more frequent when untrained persons are brought into contact with typhoid patients and their bedding, &c. This, however, does not necessarily follow, for, as was suggested in a note in these columns some months ago, familiarity breeds contempt, and some nurses tend to grow careless in their handling of typhoid patients, never having sufficiently realised that the urine contains bacilli no less than the stools and that soiled linen is likewise dangerous.

[1] *Lancet*, December 2nd, p. 1606.

CHRISTMAS UP-COUNTRY IN AFRICA

BUT for the underlying tragedy, Christmas in a tropical country would be more of a screaming farce than ever appeared in any theatre. The mere thought of Christmas pudding in a temperature of 100° in the shade would make one perspire profusely at any less sentimental moment; and mimosa, with its delicate scent and dainty foliage, is the antithesis of the gleaming holly. Moreover, Christmas is surely the special perquisite of youth, and the alien note is struck at once by the fact that in up-country towns, a few years ago, there were (mercifully) very few children. Rhodesia is not an ideal country for little children. And even in dear old England a Christmas without any little children about is apt to be a trial to the older folk. If at home there is a certain amount of pretence underlying the extreme festivity of the occasion, what about the land where, after all, most men are exiles, and the few women are generally nurses to tend and care for these exiles? *Heimweh*, moreover, is a very real ill, and attacks the bravest and stoutest pioneer hearts at times like these. At Gwelo, in the year that I am thinking of, the conditions were unusually adverse to a spirit of jollity. Every one was hard up, the native rising just over, and following upon its heels the rinderpest and uneasy rumours of a Boer War. Moreover the difficulties of the new railway that had so painfully crept up from Bulawayo to within thirty or forty miles of the town, rendered more provoking the slow transit of the remaining few miles. Still, many of the glorious old pioneers were ready to be jolly at a moment's notice, and bury deep and deeper still the harrowing thoughts of friends and Christmases past, and live in nothing but the present and the future—that golden future of Rhodesia, when the Government should have learnt to manage natives, protect the white man, and when mines should be working, in full pride and glory of machinery, even though owed to the doubtful blessing of a railway.

And our doctor's wife away! Our little golden-haired, blue-eyed, sunny sprite of a doctor's wife, the very apple of her husband's eye, away—sent down to Capetown on a "splendid holiday," to recruit, after months of fever and tropical ills. The memory of the doctor's face, with his gay, Christmas buttonhole, and that "Oh, for heaven's sake, take-me-out-and-hang-me" look in his eyes, haunts me yet. Our beloved matron was worn and tired with contending for many years with the whims of the British South Africa Company, and the nerve-destroying power of the malign influences in the atmosphere. Truly we were a merry party! We day nurses came off best, for, although one of us was also a bit worn and tired with many years of strenuous work, the other was fresh out from home, and full of hope, cheer, and encouragement. The night nurse, poor soul, had her work cut out not to betray that her desire for sleep overcame even her convivial instincts. Therefore upon us devolved the duty of making Christmas "go." The patients were what one might call mixed—Boer and English, French and Italian, Government men, miners, prospectors, surveyors—truly a hotch-potch of nationalities and work. They needed no small amount of tact to keep them in order, but were very good and amenable as long as a nurse was about to amuse them. Our dear tiger man, too, was getting better of his awful injuries sustained in a hand-to-hand fight with a tiger, or, strictly speaking, a hunting leopard, of which there are many to this day all round Gwelo.

The natives had no part in the white man's joy. But they had Christmas privileges, although one could hardly give them Christmas joy; and their contempt for the white man's worship of a little Babe would have shocked the pious folk at home. The full-grown God of might, the sterner *régime* of the Old Testament, is the code that moves the native to appreciation. This doctrine of love, not fear, and the dominion of a little Child, would provoke disdain, and that alone.

On Christmas Eve there came to our aid an old patient, and this was the manner of his coming:—A sunset glow, and a white and jaded horse, a khaki-clad figure, with the approved Buffalo Bill hat, a scarlet sash, and all the air of the swashbuckler real, diffusing a fine air of romance among the empty bully-beef tins that bestrewed the path. By his aid we were enabled to go out into the veldt and return laden with mimosa and other tropical beauties, with which we decorated the big ward, which would have looked small indeed at home.

Having a good many empty beds, we filled the side wards, and only left the one or two beds up in the corners with those who could partake of Christmas fare, but not get up to eat it. All down the middle was the long table, and the matron's own peculiar province was to see that the viands (consisting of a noble sucking-pig) were cooked to a turn. No one else would have dared to attempt the management of our coolie cook, who, by virtue of his office, reigned supreme. We humbler nurses had to beg and pray the little, little drops of hot water, and getting blood out of a stone was child's play indeed to getting hot water out of old Anthony! The pig was done to perfection, the decorations finished, and all sat down together to the two o'clock dinner, doctor at the head of the table, matron at the bottom, and the nurses placed next to the more turbulent souls, whose little indiscretions might need checking as the red wine flowed. As a matter of fact, white wine, and that champagne, was the order of the day, since champagne, by some strange freak, was as cheap as other wines in this topsy-turvy country. Luckily we had with us the proverbial Irishman, who over the dessert, when the first, solemn, strained attitude of jollity was beginning to give way to the more genial influences of pig and champagne, gave

us some Irish songs. Sung without music, but with full dramatic effect, the puzzle was, and always has been to my mind, whether he really was a little drunk, or only pretending to be. The doctor's blue eyes got grimmer and grimmer as he hurled himself nobly into every breach, made jokes and pretty speeches. We all stood by him to a man, laughed at the most obscure jokes, ate until the mere thought of food became a burden, and generally comported ourselves as the British plucked 'un should in trying circumstances.

The dinner took three hours at least, and when we rose there was a general sigh of thanksgiving; whether because the meal was over, or part of this difficult day was done, we will leave our readers to imagine. From that moment, anyway, a spirit of real merry-making seemed to get hold of us. Everyone cleared away—guests, doctor, matron, workers, even Anthony, the cook, melted to his marrow-bones by the toast he had been called in to partake of, condescended from his high estate, and tenderly bore the remainder of the pig, minus one ear and distinctly groggy about the legs, away into the remote fastnesses of "the cook's pantry," where a strong conviction of a hungry family of piccaninnies still clings to me, as demolishers of the remains of that noble animal. And then a little cheery Christmas service, with the old, old hymns and blessings, uniting us with all the folk at home, with, after all, the same God and same Christmas, although in different climes. Hot—my word! How our "boys" wore six or seven vests and coats, one on the top of the other, and a Kaffir blanket draped above, can be understood only by a Kaffir himself. It is the small things that stick in the memory, and one of them was the ridiculously obvious imitation holly here and there. And yet, so tense is the strain of the *Heimweh* that none of us would look at it, and bit by bit we saw it disappear, and none dared ask what purpose it had fulfilled.

Abroad, as at home, a hospital is bound to have its tragedy, and we were not exempt. In a shadowed room, away from all the bustle and confusion, one of our aliens was going Home—the day's work done, his best life's blood poured on the soil of this virgin country, like, alas! so many, many others! and no more need for him to pine and hunger for the homeland at the one season of the year that recalls the home-folk too vividly.

Conversation.

Conversation is but carving:
  Give no more to every guest
  Than he's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time;
  Give to all but just enough,
  Let them neither starve nor stuff,
And that each may have his due,
Let your neighbour carve for you.

Walter Scott.

CHRISTMAS TIME IN HOSPITAL

A Reminiscence.

"THE happiest Christmas I ever had," I said to my patient as we sat down cosily by our bedroom fire, "was the first one I spent in hospital."

"Nurse, how *can* you! Why, the very fact that each person around you was suffering from illness or disease is a sorrow in itself. It makes me miserable to think of it."

My patient's voice was so full of genuine reproach that for a moment I wondered if she were right and I were wrong; but the next my mind's eye carried me back to that Christmas-time six years ago, and I knew that had it been sixty times six years the memory of it would still have clung to me with the same vivid clearness as it did to-day.

"I will tell you about it," was all I said. So I began:

"Whether by coincidence or manœuvring on the part of the doctors there were seldom any bad cases in the wards at that time—unless, of course, an 'emergency' turned up unexpectedly—but, on the contrary, a goodly number of convalescents.

"Preparations for Christmas began some weeks beforehand, among the chief being the buying and sorting out of the many presents. This sounds but a little thing, though in reality it conveys real hard thought-out work. The name, age, and need of every patient was sent in to the Matron by the Sisters of the different wards, and long and arduous were the consultations, each gift being studied to suit the receiver. Nothing was given in a haphazard way: thus the respectable tradesman was presented with a silk tie or scarf, luminous with many hues, while 'Daddy,' 'wot 'adn't a rag to 'is back,' was the proud recipient of two flannel shirts. Shawls were reserved for 'grannies;' mittens for chapped hands; woolly stockings for rheumatic feet; underclothing for those who lacked; frocks and pinafores for the children. Each of these presents was wrapped up in a separate parcel, named, and put away until Christmas Eve.

"The Board-room was another big item; this had to be transformed and staging put up for the concert, the Christmas-tree carried in and decorated, and no meagre time was spent, let me tell you, in the dressing of the full green branches thereof. No self-respecting nurse thought of taking her off-duty time for herself this last week, but went off instead to the board-room, and tied string to hundreds of weird things out of boxes, while others tied the weird things on to the tree. The House-surgeon took the exalted position of decorating its upper extremities. It was a position to be proud of, and he was fully aware of the honour as he looked down on the nurses with a benign air, happy in ignorance that the smile returned was not in admiration of the ingenious way he balanced himself on the somewhat rickety steps, deftly tying a doll to the tip-top branch of the tree, but at the row of small candles in holders, and numerous other oddities, by way of dragon-flies and tin fishes, that were gaily hanging round the edge of his coat, clipped on by—but we never tell tales out of school!

"Christmas Eve arrived 'mid much excitement, a great deal of extra work, and some heightened temperatures. It was the night nurses' work to act Santa Claus, so in the early morning they played their parts by creeping round with their parcels, and filling the children's stockings with toys and goodies—deaf and blind to the rustling of paper in various directions, or the little hands stuck out and the sudden disappearance of stocking and contents! When five o'clock struck, the ward doors were thrown open, and with a 'Merry Christmas to you all,' a group of sisters, nurses, and house-men streamed in, singing carols as they passed from ward to ward, until the whole hospital vibrated with one universal sound of gladness and song. Then truly Christmas Day began. The morning's wash was an apology; breakfasts were hardly touched; medicines thrown to the wind; thermometers scorned with derision; hymns in the women's wards were at full height by six o'clock; peals of laughter from

the children's; fumes of smoke from the men's, for almost all were given pipe and tobacco, which was allowed all Christmas Day and certain hours through the week. True it was that smoke was palpable at all manner of odd times and places (not excluding the night); but true it was also that the nursing staff seemed to have lost the power of their 'special' senses until after the New Year began! A word by the way—there is a good deal of human sympathy, in spite of the world's opinion, between nurses and their patients.

"The morning was spent in exchanging greetings, showing off presents, and laying the table. Dinner-time came before you could say 'Jack Robinson.' What a feast for the gods! Turkey, chicken, beef; each one disappeared in turn like greased lightning. What a chattering and a clattering of plates! What silence profound at the arrival of the pudding, and shouts of delight when the House-surgeon poured on the brandy and set fire to it! What howls of laughter when half-witted Daniels carefully put a spoonful of blue flame into his mouth! What tremendous fun everything was!

"After the tables had been cleared, dessert being left out for those who wanted, or had capacity, the afternoon's jollification began. The House-surgeon led the singing with the ever-favourite 'Soldiers of the Queen,' followed up by old Cocker's 'Cannon are a-roarin',' in a voice that emerged from the depths of the earth, he thumping time the while on the bedclothes with his great hand; then the sailor-boy, in a shrill, cracked voice, was carried away in 'I'll stick to the ship, lads,' and the wardmaid meekly piped 'A little bit of string.' By this time they were all warmed up for the occasion and 'artists' were not lacking; song followed song. A few there were, not up to joining in the chorus, lay silently in bed with rapt expressions, as though listening to the songs of angels.

"The next excitement on hand was the great 'tea' night. The money for this was collected from the patients' friends on visiting days, and the grandeur of the tea thereof depended largely upon the length of the friends' pockets. What a jolly night it was to be sure! Everybody was so bright, happy, and helpful. Many old patients were invited, and they came up in numbers, each going back to their ward with the air of old war-horses. Nurses flitted about with their friends with a freedom allowed only once a year. The wards were a picture of brightness with their decorations of holly, palms, and flowers, yellow, white, and red. The tables were ablaze with fancy glass dishes filled with cakes, trifles, sandwiches, sweets, fruits, and glittering crackers everywhere, the whole lighted up with coloured fairy lamps, adding, as it were, the finishing touches. The faces of the patients were a noteworthy study as they walked round beholding, with a mixture of admiration and awe, the good things of life spread out before them. Nurses and their friends turned into waitresses, and attended right royally to the needs and digestions of their humble guests, while the Sisters presided over the tea-urns, that continued to flow like the 'babbling brook' for the best part of two hours. It was curious to note that the patients who were indulging in their first wafer of bread and butter for many long weeks (specially reserved for this day), ate it with as much content and relish as though it had been the ever-longed-for sausage-roll (dear, fatal sausage-roll!). Yes, certainly this tea was one of the great successes of the week.

CHRISTMAS IN A HOSPITAL.

"As far as the patients were concerned, the festivities ended on New Year's night. This was, perhaps, the biggest night of all. Everyone who could possibly be moved by some means or another was taken to the board-room after tea; the room was set out with lounges, easy-chairs, and pillows for the more 'poorly' patients; the others were provided with forms; the children had a special corner near the tree, mattresses and blankets were spread on the table, and the wee things were laid on this. The capacity of that table seemed to have no limit.

"The evening was started by a short comedy got up by the Sisters and House-men (the nurses being accounted 'too young,' then a variety entertainment, kindly assisted by local people. The second part of the evening was opened by the plucking of the Christmas-tree:

long and loud were the cheers when the hundreds of little candles were lighted up, displaying the monstrous tree to the height of its beauty, decked out in its glittering charms. When the pick of the things were distributed, each one, from the Matron down to the kitchen-maid, getting something, the rest were thrown promiscuously among the patients, and the peals of laughter were good to listen to, as the women caught balls and monkeys-on-sticks, and the men held out their arms for dolls and rattles—the latter putting theirs away in some remote pocket 'fur our Jennie when oi gits 'ome.' The children's table represented an overloaded bazaar stall. It was a pretty picture—pathetic too, but the absolute happiness that prevailed took away the sting from the pathos.

"Ten o'clock struck. As with one accord all rose who could, and 'God Save the King' rang through the air in one almighty roar, quickly followed by a joining of hands and the old, sweet words, 'Auld Lang Syne.' Then from a more daring patient, 'Three cheers for the Matron.' 'Hip-hip, hurrah!' burst forth from all lips in deafening glee. Three cheers for the doctors—hip, hip, hurrah!' 'Three cheers for the sisters and nurses—hip, hip, hip, hurrah!' A loud clapping of hands; a general stampede; those who were weary smiled bravely as they were carried back to their beds; little children rubbed sleepy eyes and kissed their dollies; men hummed softly 'Soldiers of the Queen' as the happy multitude passed on to its respective wards.

"10.30 p.m. Transformation scene. Lights down; patients in bed; nurses hurrying round the wards with steaming coffee, which was the sum total and winding up of that happy of all happy times, 'Christmas-time in hospital.'"

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Our bedroom fire had burnt low, but I didn't seem to notice the cold. My heart and my memory were warm within me. I forgot even to ask if my patient had changed her opinion. After all, what can the opinion of an outsider matter, when only those who have lived in it and for it can really know and understand?

MURO.

CHRISTMAS IN SCANDINAVIA

THE Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, are surely the home of the good old-fashioned Christmas, as it once was in England—according to the old pictures and stories of our grandfathers—but is now no more. The gleaming snow, that lends a picturesque garment even to the most prosaic landscape; the smooth ice on pond and river and lake; the keen northern air, that gives such a valiant Christmas appetite, and makes the traveller long for the cheerful fireside and the blazing Yule-logs—though they blaze, alas! unseen in an iron stove!—all these are to be found in Scandinavia, whilst here, as a rule, we tramp the muddy streets in mist and rain, and a most unfestive frame of mind. In Scandinavia, too, as in Germany, every home, however poor, has its Christmas-tree, which is lit for the first time on Christmas Eve, and then, unless visitors arrive on Christmas Day, is put away until New Year's Eve—a greater festival even than Yule.

In the hospitals, of course, the tree is not forgotten, and it is a pretty sight to see the smiling, white-capped nurses, dressed in uniforms very much resembling our own, arranging the little gifts and ornaments that are to hang upon its boughs, and stacking the larger presents, sent by kindly friends and patrons, around it on the floor. After the bright Christmas service, which is held in the ward about six o'clock, and the serving of special fare to those fortunate enough to be able to partake of it, the little wax candles are lit, and the tree blazes out in all its splendour, to dazzle the eyes of the patients. Doctors and nurses gather round, chatting pleasantly, and the sick forget their sufferings for a while, as the ward rings with the cry of "*Glædelig Jul!*" ("Happy Christmas!")

In private homes, Christmas Eve is observed entirely as a family festival, guests being rarely invited. All the members of the household, if given to church-going, attend the six o'clock service, and then return to dinner. The Christmas fare—I am speaking now of Denmark, the country which I know the best of the three—consists of roast goose, followed by *æblekage*, a species of apple tart, eaten with whipped cream. Country people often substitute for the goose roast ribs of pork, preceded by *risgród*—a rather glorified rice pudding, which is a very favourite dish. After dinner comes the tree, and everyone marches round it, singing the old hymns, "*Et Barner født i Bethlehem*" ("A Child is Born in Bethlehem") and "*Glade Jul, dejlige Jul*" ("Joyful Yule, happy Yule"), to tunes quite as simple and as beautiful as any of our own. Then, when the glittering ornaments, and the funny little old man, "*Jul Nisse*," at the top have been sufficiently admired, the presents are distributed, *æbleskiver*, cakes very much resembling our doughnuts, are fried and eaten, together with a good supply of chocolate, marzipan, and other sweetmeats, and old songs and Christmas hymns are sung.

On Christmas morning there is church again, followed by *Frokost*, or lunch, to which friends and acquaintances are often bidden. In the country a sleighing expedition or tobogganing is often enjoyed by the younger people. A ball on the ice is another favourite winter amusement not uncommonly indulged in at Christmas-time, and, as all Scandinavians are excellent skaters, these torch or moonlight dances are a very pretty sight. On Boxing Day, or "the second Christmas Day," as it is called, most people go to the theatre, or to some other entertainment; country folk to a ball, for these lively northerners dance as well and as readily as they skate, and even the "country bumpkin" displays little awkwardness in the ball-room.

Nowhere in Denmark is much business done until the New Year has well begun its reign, and in country districts festivities are kept up until nearly the end of January. Indeed, so hospitable are they that the only wonder is that they are not ruined alike in health and pocket by the time the season is over. Luckily, they have strong digestions, and can stand a very fair amount of junketing without any ill effects. Their Christmas games, by the way, are very much like our own, and I fear the young people are decidedly fond of such frivolities as "Postman's knock," "Quaker's wedding," and "Forfeits." The "mistletoe bough," however, has not come into fashion as yet.

A. SKOVGAARD-PEDERSEN.

OFF DUTY HOURS

Waes-hael and A Merry Christmas.

In looking through a specimen book of this season's designs for Christmas cards and greetings, I have been struck with the disposition to speak of Christmas as joyful, peaceful, happy—anything, in fact, instead of merry, the universal epithet of my younger days. Why is this? The old pictures of robins, snow, holly, and village churches have given place to the more severe personal greeting cards. Is the form of the greeting to be changed too? Merry is evidently under a cloud, and I believe the reason is that we have applied the word, quite wrongfully, be it said, to those who have looked too long upon the wine when it is red, and who too often, like reprobate Falstaff, "have heard the chimes at midnight." But for all that, it is a good word—the only one that rightly fits the season—and I for one am loth to let it go. A Happy Christmas neither looks right nor sounds well; there are plenty of seasons when we may be happy, but merriment is essentially dedicated to Christmas. The log on the hearth throwing out a myriad sparks to go dancing riotously up the chimney, the family reunions of old and young, the presents, the good things generally, all make for merriment.

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It is true that good things are often rich and sometimes indigestible, but that is no reason why you should not enjoy them, since enjoyment pre-supposes moderation. So, with merriment, moderation must be considered, or we go to excess, which is never good, not even in happiness. Merriment is for the passing hour. We can speak of a life that is a happy one. It would be absurd to label it merry, because life is too serious, too full, to be merry. It is possible to be happy without a spark of merriment; without happiness it is impossible to be merry. At this season, happiness should come to a head in merriment; laughter should be longer and more continuous; the reserve which veils our true selves may well be laid aside for a little space, and friendship and love be allowed to express themselves in more downright and honest fashion.

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Here is no theory to quarrel about. Think for a moment how great a stoppage comes at this season to the ordinary course of human affairs; how completely the wheels of commerce run down for a while; how the busy hum of work sinks almost into silence. It is an excellent thing to have an opportunity of recognising that there is in life something beyond the business and money-making side of it; that there is, besides, what may well be called the fireside part of it; and there is no time in all the year when we can so well realise this truth as at Christmas. When three generations, or four, sometimes, can gather round the hearth, neglecting no duty to do so, it is surely a time to let happiness run to merriment. We hear sometimes from the elders of our circle that Christmas is not what it used to be, and, it is to be feared, they are right. Modern civilisation and modern science are tending to destroy all our old illusions. Why, nobody believes in a real old-fashioned ghost nowadays; the Psychical Research Society has ticketed and classified the whole lot, and you might tell a perfectly thrilling tale to a group of modern children without raising a single shiver. I used to write ghost-stories for the magazines, but editors want something more exciting now. More exciting, indeed! Why, I remember—but you wouldn't believe the tale; would certainly say it was all nonsense; so why should I tell it?

* * * * * *

The fact of the matter is, we are becoming too—too—proper (my pen will put the word down, so let it go; it expresses exactly what I mean). We hang a bunch of mistletoe in the hall, but who thinks of making use of it? Grandfather is old, and he may kiss anyone without offence; father and mother will embrace, perhaps, with much parade in the business; and the young bachelor, greatly daring, will salute the youngest of the party, who must on no account be more than seven, when all the time he would much rather kiss Angelina, aged anything from seventeen to twenty-seven. Well, why shouldn't he kiss her? it's Christmas-time. Yes, nurse; I know all about kissing and microbes, and such abominations; but if microbes are to be taken too seriously we shall have to give up many pleasures, and perform most of our duties in fear and trembling. I love the mistletoe and the holly, the flaming pudding, the noisy round game, and the romping dance, young and old together, merry fun, merry laughter, merry faces, merry hearts—folk who are not afraid to let themselves go for the nonce. I like the wassail of the season. Oh, no, my delightful little puritan; I do not mean the drink compounded of roasted apples, nutmeg, and ale, which has given the word its bucolic significance; I mean the old, the literal significance, the Anglo-Saxon Waes-hael, be in health. I wonder how many of this year's Christmas cards will have the word upon them! and yet it sums up the whole meaning of Christmas. Be in health, in mind and in body; do not be afraid to give your spirits freedom; do not be afraid to enjoy yourselves.

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Oh, no; I have not forgotten the other side of the question—that many nurses will spend a great part of their Christmas in hospital wards and beside sick-beds. Yet, even here, a little merriment may surely come. The wards will be decorated, there will be something to show that it is Christmas, and the spirit of the season will be in the hearts of many who lie there. A little merriment peeping out of your eyes, a merry little laugh, or a merry word or two, will do good. Merriment is as infectious as any fever, and for some, perchance, this Christmas in the hospital ward will prove the merriest their lives are ever to know.

* * * * * *

I am convinced that we shall do well to keep

Christmas inviolate, without change, without any slackening in our ideals, or in our observances of old customs. We do not want to lose all our old faith, all our superstitions even, and to have no manner of belief in legend and story. We are not the nation we are because we have motor-cars and wireless telegraphy, but because, deep in the very heart of us, whether we recognise it or not, is a reverence for the past. Therefore, I cry to you all, Waes-hael, and a right Merry Christmas.

P. J. B.

IN THE HUSH OF CHRISTMAS EVE

By Elyadin Luce.

A WARD in a children's hospital.

It is night. Over each snowy cot there burns but a tiny jet of gas, and yet, although it is near midnight, every object is visible and clearly-defined by reason of the frosty moonlight streaming in at the long windows at the end of the ward. I have drawn the blinds from those windows in order to have a glimpse of the outside world as it looks this Christmas Eve, covered with a mantle of glittering snow, and surveyed by a sky of star-spangled purple. Viewed in these circumstances, this crowded manufacturing town on which I am gazing looks pure and picturesque—to-morrow, with the sun-rise, will come the rush of awakening life, and the spotless beauty of the newly-fallen snow will be violated by the tramp of feet and the rattle of vehicles.

A strange feeling steals over me as I contemplate the scene—a feeling of vague longing tinged with sadness. Is it born of a yearning to possess the unsullied purity of that snow? I know not—I cannot analyse it. With a little sigh I turn from the window and commence the round of my patients. Dear little mites! How soundly almost all are sleeping to-night! I think they must be wearied out with the bustle for to-morrow's festivities. How they have chattered all day of the coming concert, and the glories of the Christmas-tree which adorns the centre of the ward, its branches bent beneath the weight of mysterious parcels and brightly-hued toys! How earnestly they have speculated as to what Santa Claus is going to put into the tiny white stocking suspended at the foot of each bed!

"I wants a real gun what we can play at dead en'mies prop'ly with," was Jacky's somewhat bloodthirsty desire. As he lies now with his curly brown hair surrounding his dimpled baby-face, his lips parted in a tender dream-smile, he scarcely looks capable of such belligerent sentiments. Next to him lies his sworn ally and chosen *confidante*, Bessie, her bandaged arms stretched out on the counterpane before her. A friendship, almost pathetic in its simple strength, has sprung up between these two, and Jacky has already gained permission to cut up Bessie's Christmas dinner for her into "teeny, weeny bits," and feed her with it. Next lies blind six-year-old Alice. Sleep has smoothed away the look of anxious tension so common to those who live in unbroken darkness, and it is hard to believe, as she rests there with her long eye-lashes sweeping her chubby cheeks, that the world to her is a great mystery, a strange, crowded place from which come varied sounds of life, but on whose surface she has never looked.

"Nurse," she said to me yesterday morning as I made her cot, "when I'se asleep, I'se like Tommy an' Mary an' all them, isn't I? 'Cos *they* can't see when they's asleep, can they?" Oh, the innocent, unstudied pathos of the words!

The next two youngsters are really quite well enough for discharge, but as they were very anxious to remain for the Christmas festivities, the good-natured house-surgeon is allowing them to do so. I must not make the slightest rustle as I pass the next bed, for "baby" has been terribly cross to-night, yielding but half-an-hour ago to the intent of my wiles. She is now slumbering placidly, one little pink thumb wedged firmly between her lips, and looking as if she could not possibly be capable of the bad temper which characterised her actions during the first part of the night.

Here lies Nellie, almost hidden from view behind the big "cradle" which prevents the bedclothes from pressing on the diseased knee-joint. She has had chloroform to-day, and so far has slept very little, for the "bad leg" is giving her a good deal of pain.

By many another cot I pass, wondering, as I look at the faces of their little inmates—so tranquil in their slumbers, so angelic in their childish innocence—what the future holds for each, and wishing that purity might be theirs for ever.

This is the last bed. A screen is drawn closely around it, and a "special" nurse keeps watch over the child lying within. For Freddy is dying. He has been very, very ill for many weeks, but a few days ago he seemed to rally, and we hoped that our fears were not to be realised. As early back as yesterday he was talking in his slow, feeble tones to the child in the next cot about the glories of the Christmas-tree, and speculating as to which of its gifts were intended for him. And now his quick, laboured breath and rapidly-failing pulse tell us that for Freddy, life's journey, which seemed barely begun, is nearing its close.

It is better so, Freddy. The few years you have spent on earth have not been happy ones, but in that country whose gates are opening so gladly to receive you, nothing but love and smiles await you. The toys that now glitter so bravely on the Christmas-tree would soon lose their lustre and be quickly broken, and a vague sense of disappointment and disillusionment would creep over your baby-mind. But the joys of the country to which loving angel-hands are waiting to bear you know no end. It is better so.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS ON SEEKING LODGINGS

At this season a "run up to town" is a temptation to which we might more often give way if we knew of suitable and moderately-priced accommodation; but we are held back by the difficulty of seeking rooms, interviewing landladies, and—as we have learnt by experience—spending double the estimated amount. Not that the lodging difficulty crops up only at holiday season; it is a constant one with private nurses, and besets also those engaged in district work where no nurses' home is provided.

Here, then, are a few hints learned by bitter experience, gathered on weary days of trudging from house to house in search of a modest corner that might become "home." From my armchair in the cosy flat that has now for two years been my haven I can afford to smile at the little bedroom looking on to a sooty wall, and the tiny bare attics over a tobacconist's shop in which I once lived contentedly enough. But the haven comes only after many years, and there will always be hundreds of us seeking a temporary holiday home, or a permanent room for rest between our cases.

The first fruit of my experience is this, that as a rule women pay too highly for rooms because they do not know how to go about finding them. I have known many women decide to live in a certain district, and spend days in trying to pick up lodgings by chance, by knocking at every door which bears the familiar legend "Apartments." They even knock at private houses, explain that "they thought perhaps there was a room available," and grumble afterwards at the rudeness of the maid! After a few days of failure they conclude there are no suitable cheap rooms to be had, and they engage some recommended by a friend at a rate far beyond their means, balancing accounts by cutting down their food supply.

Even women of business ability, and capable of organising well their own work, set about seeking a home in this haphazard fashion. There are two more practical courses. First, do not overlook the fact that there are such things as local newspapers. You may never have heard of the *Peckham Picket* or the *Hampstead Herald* or the *Surrey Searchlight*, but you will find them (or their counterparts) in any newspaper directory, and the contents of their advertisement columns will be a surprise. The house labelled "Apartments" may close its door on you with the curt reply that "there is only the drawing-room floor at two guineas," but here in this little local paper you will find columns of "Apartments vacant," not too proud to announce "Bedroom, inclusive, 5s. weekly." Then you may make your list, divide it according to locality, and start out in the sure hope of finding something that will answer your purpose.

But the way to save time and trouble and get what you require, if it is obtainable, is to invest in an advertisement—it will cost 6d. or 1s. in a small local paper, 3s. or 4s. in a big London daily, and it is worth the outlay. It will save the disappointment at finding "Bedroom suitable for a lady" to be a little back room, grimy, untidy, and reeking of the unmistakable musty lodging-house odour. In your advertisement you state your requirements, and the replies will—more or less—fulfil them. If you state "Bedroom wanted near the sea for one week," you will avoid the landlady who, when you have just decided to take her room, ends negotiations by saying she wants a "permanency"; if you advertise for an airy room on second floor or higher, you will not waste time in seeing the basement cupboard, and if you put frankly "rent not to exceed 7s. weekly" you will not have the usual distressing argument about terms. You meet your future landlady on a frank footing, and your decision can be made in a moment.

Now a word as to landladies. The "London landlady" has been taken as a type of all that is unpleasant, but probably the genus is similar in all large towns. We must not forget that the landlady lives by letting rooms, and that she has as just a right to make the best bargain as the dealer in old curios; like him, she has usually a sliding scale, and though she asks the maximum she is often quite prepared to be offered and to accept the minimum. Here the "compleat lodger" must judge for herself. If a landlady states at the door that she has a nice bedroom at 10s. the week, it is well to say frankly that 7s. 6d. is your limit. If she says at once she cannot take less, you may believe her, but if she suggests that in any case you might come and look at the room, you may be sure she is willing to compound. Again, the letter of rooms is apt when asked the price to size up the enquirer and say that "she has never taken less than 12s. 6d.—— " with a pause to watch the effect of this statement. The woman unlearned in landlady-lore and anxious to have the room will hesitate and be lost, but the old bird will say firmly, "I am sorry, but it is no use then. I cannot afford more than 10s.," which sum, with an extra 6d. for gas, will usually be accepted.

It is also necessary to arrange the price of all extras before accepting the room, so that the amount of the weekly bill can always be estimated. A charge of 6d. a week for gas, and 6d. each scuttle of coal, is usual, but attendance —*i.e.*, cleaning room, blacking boots, and cooking breakfast—should be included in the rent; nor should any charge be made for the bath-room (if there is one!) or for the use of a bath in the room. In suburbs and country places the landlady will usually include the cooking of other meals (though a late dinner is often a grievance) in the rent, but in London this is sometimes refused, unless the meals are taken at a fixed price from the establishment. In the latter case, 4d. or 6d. for a plain, and 9d. for a fuller breakfast is ample, 4d. for tea, and 1s. or 1s. 3d. for dinner, but it is well to ask first exactly what is given. The more economical way, if a locked cupboard and the use of a sink and gas-ring is

available, is to buy and prepare your own food, stipulating, if necessary, for the use of crockery.

What, then, should one pay for rent? The answer depends most, perhaps, on the income of the lodger, but, presuming that economy is necessary, I would advise from 5s. to 8s. weekly for a furnished bedroom, 8s. to 12s. for a bed-sitting-room, 12s. to 20s. for two rooms. The best plan for the private nurse, who is likely to remain in the same town, and desires merely a *pied à terre* between her cases, is to take a light, clean, unfurnished room for 3s. to 7s. weekly, and stock it with a little necessary furniture. She may often be able when engaged on a case to let it to friends, and thus save her rent. The ideal, however, is to join with a friend engaged in a different profession in a little flat. That is (with the right kind of friend, really *home*, a cosy corner, a bright welcome, and an intercourse free from "shop" waiting for the weary worker.

The prices quoted are London ones; in the country they are correspondingly cheaper. They are not the prices for rooms off Harley Street, but they may be had in very good localities. It is, indeed, strange how the house that lets a pleasant room for 6s. may be found next to the one that has nothing under a guinea. I can prove my prices by my personal experience. Here are some of my rents in London:—Furnished bedroom, sitting-room, and private passage with separate door, Bloomsbury, 14s. weekly; bedroom and sitting-room at Worthing, 5s.; small but clean bedroom near Kensington High Street, 4s. 6d.; flat furnished in Kensington during summer absence of tenant, 7s. 6d. weekly; board, with charming bedroom overlooking Hampstead Heath, 20s.; large bedroom, with breakfast, Bloomsbury, 10s., the same price being paid in a large Bayswater boarding-house, with option of taking dinner at 1s. 3d. In Norwood I obtained easily two clean, light, well-furnished rooms at 15s., and for some years I had a flat near Baker Street for 17s. as sub-tenant; my landlady paid 13s. for the flat, and was glad to make 4s. a week by giving the use of her furniture to a careful tenant. Nearly all of these rooms, I may add, were obtained by inserting or answering advertisements. With respect to unfurnished rooms I may add one more tip; a floor in a private house is usually much cheaper than a flat in a newly-built block. The rooms can often be made self-contained, a gas stove can be fitted in the kitchen at a cost of about 5s., and by arrangement messages, parcels, &c., can be received by the people of the house when the flat is locked up. In this way the exorbitant rents asked for flats in large mansions are avoided, and a pleasant privacy assured, for it is easy to let the family see that no social intercourse is desired.

We note in the current number of the *Nurses' Journal* that there are still several vacancies in the Nurses' Settlement at Clapton. An illustrated account of the home was given in our issue of August 5th, and it should prove a great boon to older members of the profession who have fallen on evil days.

THE "ADA LEWIS" NURSES

There are many elements about this new charity—which, strictly speaking, is not a charity at all, but a self-supporting scheme for helping those who help themselves—that must appeal very strongly to the thinking nurse. First of all, it is a pioneer movement. Those who help it forward from the very outset will indeed be able to claim the proud title of pioneers. It lies in their hands to write history on a clean sheet, and there can be very little doubt the scheme will grow and grow until its workers will be numbered by their hundreds. Then, again, it was started by a woman, and that woman, Mrs. Lewis Hill, still better known to us all as Mrs. Ada Lewis. In these days of ever-crowding charities, it is no small distinction to have evolved, not only a new idea in this line, but a thing so badly wanted as this work. Humanely speaking, there is hardly a want known among the very poor that cannot be, and indeed is not met, by some existing institution.

But that other class! the betwixt and between, as it were, not very rich and not abjectly poor, with incomes ranging from £100 to £200 per annum, brave, self-helping, independent souls, to whom one's sympathies go out involuntarily; who never sit still and wait for help, who would rather die than *ask*; this is the class that will be helped by the Ada Lewis Home and nurses. It is perhaps easy for a clerk, or schoolmaster, or post-office girl to go bravely on while health and strength are theirs, caring little for the small deprivations entailed by poverty. But when they get ill, when the father of the family ceases work, what can they do? Not only is the wage-earner laid low, but the numberless little expenses of illness begin—the doctor, the nurse, the delicacies, all so necessary and so hard to procure.

By this new charity one need is met, the nurse. A trained nurse at two guineas a week is an impossible luxury, at one guinea a week she is a terrible consideration, but all, or most, at any rate, can manage 5s. to 10s., which is the maximum fee charged. Moreover, here we come to another great point of interest—the comfort such a scheme will be to doctors! No man likes to see his pet case go wrong because of the want of nursing and skilled attendance.

Yet hitherto what was to be done? Trained nurse impossible, hospital inadvisable and even immoral for those with a certain income, and nothing for it but to trust to chance and the help of some heaven-born nurse-member of the family. But now the doctor only has to send such patients along to the Ada Lewis Home, or telephone himself, and lo! there comes one to dress the wounds, apply hot fomentations, open the windows, wash the patient, and no more pother! In minor operations, again, a nurse can be summoned to get the patient and the room all ready, assist the surgeon, clear away afterwards, and all for the same modest fee of 5s. or 10s. per week. Truly, even the shallow-minded can see how such a practical, sensible scheme makes for nothing but

good, and has no drawbacks at all. Of course, for years the want has been felt, and in a small, tentative way efforts have been made to meet it by individual nurses here and there, called visiting nurses, but hitherto there has been no systematic organisation such as the one before us. As far as the nurses themselves are concerned, it is rather like "polite" district nursing. They live in a pleasant little home together, and in the words of Miss Rye, "We want it to be more homelike than institution-y"; there are three at present, and they work about eight hours a day, with two hours off duty—that is to say, they go out on their rounds at 8.30, come in at 1, when lunch is served promptly, thus giving the nurse from 2 to 4. At 4.30 out they go again till 8 p.m., when their day's work is done.

Sunday is an off-day, so to speak. Only the necessary and worst cases are attended to. The kindly matron is so very highly trained that the old proverb of a razor cutting wood rather flits through one's mind. Trained originally at the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, for three years, then for children's work at the Royal Hospital at Glasgow, maternity work at the Simpson Memorial Hospital, Edinburgh, consumptive work at St. Michael and All Angels', Axbridge, superintendent for five years at the All Saints' Nurses' Home in Fitzroy-street, member of the Royal British Nurses' Association, one wonders if there is any branch this excellent woman has not had something to do with. Varied experiences like this must make for a happy dealing with nurses and patients' friends alike, and no small tact will be needed to carry through this splendid pioneer movement successfully, and set it so in train that others can carry on the good work later. The nurses, too, will need much tact and patience.

As a general rule, the patients are very grateful, and realise to the full the splendid help this sort of nursing is likely to prove to them. Nursing patients too poor to pay, feed, and lodge a trained nurse, and too proud to ask help from the ordinary district nurse and thus render themselves the recipients of charity, this "middle-class" nurse comes as a ray of sunlight into lives rendered grey by anxiety and fruitless striving against life's small perplexities and quite unprepared for great ills like the illness of the father of the family, or of poor old grandmammy, who for years has toiled and striven for them all, now in her turn needing care and nursing.

We want these homes all over England—certainly in all large towns—and if they are wanted, they will be provided by the generosity of Mrs. Ada Lewis-Hill.

Treatment of Chilblains.

A French doctor has found that the application of picric acid, combined with citric acid and water, produces immediate decrease of heat and irritation in chilblains, and after a short time completely diminishes the swelling. This solution is, however, only to be used where the chilblain is unbroken.

"PRODIGALS"

READING carefully the Nursing Times, as I always do—partly because there is so much worth reading, partly to compare notes with my many nurse friends who take this paper—I came across the article written by P. J. B. on "Prodigals," and it made me anxious to write a few lines on the same subject—to give another view of the treatment which should be afforded to the "Prodigal." Surely no one is more likely to come across the prodigal than a nurse in the course of her ministrations. Is she wrong in showing kindness, sympathy, and gentleness, in persuading the sinner to go back to his own people, and to rest assured of their forgiveness? Is this "nothing but sentiment, and a very false sentiment too"? I cannot think so.

The story comes to us first from the Bible, and is given by only one of the inspired writers—St. Luke, the beloved physician. Curious that it is from the pen of one who is held up as the sacred authority for the medical profession. And what is the lesson of the parable? Forgiveness born of love, of belief in the Divine Fatherhood, a realisation that unselfishness and care for others is demanded of us. Not justice—short-sighted, human justice—a justice which ignores the Fatherhood, and fails to see where the Father has punished, leaving us to apply the balm.

We have three short parables in succession:—(1) The lost sheep, who is sought, found, and tenderly and carefully brought home—not left to perish as a *just* reward of his wanderings. (2) The lost piece of silver, for which the woman sought diligently, showing what our anxiety must be for even inanimate treasure entrusted to our care and use. (3) And then the lost son—the poor, human soul, wearied, punished, remorseful, penitent, anxious to atone ere he pass from this world. He must ever bear a heavy heart for all that nothing can undo, for those gone ere they knew of his sorrowing return. Shall we make it harder, under the impression that we are showing "justice"—we who are passing to a land where all must appear as "prodigals," and where we hope and pray that "sentiment" or love will forgive us, and bear down the law of mere justice? Especially should nurses feel thus. For day by day and week by week are we called upon to witness the last illness of some erring soul, to hear the impotent, broken-hearted regret for wrong which now they cannot hope to set right, longing for the loved ones they have injured and lost sight of. So pitiful often is the scene that we, who have only known peaceful, happy days, would gladly bear the burden for them, and spare the poor sufferer this last hour of sorrow and regret. But we can only sadly realise that "no man may deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him, for it cost more to redeem souls; so that he must let that alone for ever." Let us err on the side of charity, and forgive too easily; let our actions show the lesson we would teach—show always mercy and forgiveness, feeling sure that justice and judgment are

not ours to dispense. Punishment and crime ever travel the same road, and the undying worm of remorse is not banished even by our willingness to forgive. But our charity may be the rainbow in the prodigal's darkened sky, auguring for him a larger, fuller, more intelligent forgiveness in the world to come.

And yet again, in thus treating the prodigal we are showing no injustice to his virtuous brothers and sisters; rather should we do them an injustice, could we think they would feel it to be so. The master of the vineyard paid the same wage to those who worked one hour as to those who had borne the heat and burden of the day. We are trying to help the prodigal to win the wage that, in our human judgment, seems surely due to his loved ones so that the days of their separation are, indeed, a tale that is told, for in the many mansions he, too, will find a place, as well as they. Prodigals do not come haphazard into our lives. They are sent—not for us to punish, but that we may bestow upon them all love, forgiveness, and help—that we may pay them the same wage as we have paid to our best loved—the same wage we hope to receive at the Master's hand, even though we be prodigals repentant. In conclusion, I would only add that I believe this to be the lesson Hall Caine is always teaching—by Pete, in *The Manxman*; by Roma, in *The Eternal City*; by the mother of *The Prodigal Son*. I cannot think "the moral of the story is all wrong."

B. C. B.

MRS. NIXON—A YORKSHIRE SKETCH

By Annie Hodgson.

MRS. NIXON lives in a fearfully overcrowded part of a Yorkshire city. She is short and fat, rough and ready, and not particularly clean. Her general character and appearance are typical of many that are to be found amongst the women of her class in Yorkshire towns.

She is an old acquaintance of ours; we have nursed many of her family on several occasions. In February of this year she sent a request to the home for the nurse to call.

She was looking out for me, and greeted me with: "Well, nurse, I'm glad to see yer; are yer middlin'?"

When I had assured her that my health was good, she continued:—

"I've got Charlie, one o' my lodgers, poorly, an' 'e doesn't want ter go ter t' 'ospital; so me an' Nixon 'as promised 'im 'e shall stay 'ere. 'E's a right good lad, an' I am fond on 'im an' all; 'e allas goes to chapel reg'lar on a Sunday, and wears them yellow kid gloves."

I found Charlie suffering from what turned out to be tuberculous meningitis.

He was a good-looking fellow of twenty-five, with a mind rather superior to the class he lived amongst. The city waterworks employed him as labourer. For the last three years he had lodged with Mrs. Nixon, and always addressed her as "Mother." We visited him twice daily. Mrs. Nixon and her family attended to his wants night and day. He told me that his mother died when he was only eight years of age; he had a stepfather living some miles away, who had not been too good to him; otherwise he had no relations. Sometimes he was quite calm and sensible, other times very delirious.

One day, when he was particularly delirious, his step-father came to see him. When he had sat with Charlie a few minutes he said:—

"Now, Charlie, I can see yer not goin' ter get better, so mak' yer peace wi' God, and prepare ter meet yer mother."

Mrs. Nixon turned to him menacingly. "Now, if yer goin' ter talk ter 'im like that, yer get outside. 'E's been prepared this last week or two, an' 'e didn't need all that preparin'; 'e's allas been a good livin' lad. If yer'd been 'arf as good, yer'd ha' been different."

Charlie died exactly three weeks from the day I first saw him. He was buried from Mrs. Nixon's. She fretted very much, and on the day he died, said to me, tearfully: "I can't bear to think o' Charlie leavin' me like this. I've kept lodgers for twenty-six years, an' they've allas left me to get married afore. An' I've allas given 'em a copper kettle an' two brass spittoons fer a weddin' present. Nixon allas give 'em a peggy-tub an' stick, an' our Milly allas give 'em a bedroom service."

Some days after she came round to the home to return some nursing appliances. That was the only time I have seen Mrs. Nixon with a clean face. She gave me the details of Charlie's funeral. The step-father and his wife had attended. They gave Mrs. Nixon great displeasure by being shabbily dressed. In fact, she explained to me: "They were a disgrace ter t' funeral. I 'ad a new frock an' Nixon put 'is best suit on, an' our Milly borrered a luvly hat from a young woman 'as works with 'er. An' then they come an' spoilt it like that."

I have seen Mrs. Nixon several times since. The last time I saw her she said:—

"I went ter see Charlie's grave t'other day, nurse. Nixon 'as done it up. 'E's fond o' gardenin'; 'e keeps my first husband's grave beautiful, an' 'e's goin' to keep Charlie's just as nice. But yer know I do miss 'im. Every Sunday mornin' when they're gettin' ready for chapel I feel it. An' Nixon says, 'Ah, but yer did think summat o' Charlie,' an' I ses, 'I did an' all; I's never forget 'im.'"

I don't think she ever will forget him or cease to cherish his memory, although she received no remuneration for his maintenance and her care of him during his illness.

I know
How far high failure overleaps the bounds
Of low successes.

L. Morris.

MRS. GAMP v. THE TRAINED NURSE

An opportunity for seeing ourselves as others see us was offered to "modern trained nurses" last week, when an animated debate took place at the Pioneer Club, the subject being "That Mrs. Gamp is preferable to the modern trained nurse." The lady who read the opening paper, Miss Genn, put her case against the modern nurse with much wit and a great deal of truth, contending that the hospital system of training must be held responsible for many of those faults which make the nurse of to-day, with all her technical and theoretical knowledge, a terror to the public. She dealt exclusively with the private nurse, whose shortcomings are so much more apparent to the "laity" at large than those of any other member of the nursing profession, and related stories from personal experience which certainly went to prove a good deal of the indictment, not concerning the professional ignorance of nurses, but showing want of tact, good feeling, and even common humanity. Miss Genn read Dickens's famous description of "Sairy," and, as a contrast, Miss Harridan's sketch of the modern nurse in "The Fowler," and averred that of the two she preferred the former lady. Miss Nightingale had said that it takes a good woman to make a good nurse, and the speaker urged that this was entirely true, and that for good nursing there must be enthusiasm backed by principle.

Miss Amy Hughes made a spirited defence on behalf of trained nurses, while admitting that much of the criticism bestowed on them was deserved. That the general public, as she said, is much to blame, both in not making sure that the nurses they employ are trained, and if they are unsatisfactory, in not reporting them to their institution, is true enough. That full hospital training is necessary to equip a nurse for all that is expected of her by modern physicians and surgeons is no less true, and it is interesting to notice that the audience at the Pioneer debate, almost wholly representative of the general public, admitted this fact, one lady specially urging that a thorough hospital training was especially necessary for nurses working amongst the poor in country districts, where the responsibility was the greater. Both wise and witty things were said by ladies taking part in the discussion. Mrs. Archibald Little made a particularly good point in saying that both with doctors and nurses, the fact that their feelings were under control made them less emotionally sympathetic; they could never, indeed, get through their work were this not so; and it is the fact that the more the spirit of helpfulness is brought out, the less emotional do people become. Several speakers thought that much of the want of sympathy put down to nurses was due to the purposeful intent to "brace up" the patient, who does not usually appreciate the process at the moment, and regards the nurse as "callous," if not "brutal."

The opener found only one supporter of her thesis; the rest of the speakers were on the side of the modern trained nurse, even admitting her deficiencies. It was, indeed, a very instructive discussion, especially so to those who, while yielding to no one in their admiration and appreciation of the work nurses are doing, yet lament the bitter truth of many of the accusations made, and would seek to find the reason, whether in the material for training, or in the training itself. Opinion generally seems to point to this: that no training will make an unsuitable woman into a good nurse; that with some women excessive "hospitalism" accentuates their bad qualities; that with its admitted tendency to turn nurses into machines, yet hospital training cannot be dispensed with; and that the public do not wish to go back to the untrained "Mrs. Gamp," while they feel that the modern system is somewhere not quite as it should be. It was good in this discussion to observe how entirely all criticism ceased when "district nurses," working amongst the poor in their own homes, were spoken of, and this seems to show one way to light. It takes the best woman and the best nurse to make a good district nurse; the less good are, therefore, weeded out, while it may be that a year's probation in the district does, as a superintendent said the other day, make them "human," and is, therefore, the most valuable part of the training of a nurse.

THE WIDER WORLD OF WOMEN

A strange decision has been made by the Middlesbrough Town Council which, more than any comment, reflects on a line of work now taken up by many women. Two ladies have been appointed health visitors at a salary of £52 each per year, part of their duties being to inspect factories and workshops where women are employed. An objection raised that neither of these ladies was a qualified sanitary inspector was met by the statement that, having had the experience of a fully qualified lady inspector, the committee now wished to try two unqualified persons. The committee hint broadly that practical advice about homes and children is more to the purpose than any amount of theoretical teaching about sanitation.

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Meantime the Town Council of Glasgow are determined to have the best advice for the children fed at their milk depôts, and have recommended the appointment of a medical woman for this purpose. These milk depôts, which have been established for twelve months, and now feed over 600 babies, were badly needed judging from the fact that in Glasgow the infantile mortality is between 125 and 140 per thousand, while that of illegitimate infants reaches the appalling figure of nearly 25 per cent.

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Summoned for refusing to break stones, a tramp at Ongar Workhouse explained that he was physically incapable. He was suffering from "pain and verdigris." A bad case. Verdigris alone would be bad enough.—*Globe.*

KIPPS: THE STORY OF A SIMPLE SOUL[1]

THE reader of Mr. Wells's new novel is at no loss to account for its popularity above all other works of the writer. The story is full of those touches of nature that make the whole world kin, and is told with a vigour and pathos that quickly secure attention and sympathy, so that the varying fortunes of poor, ignorant blundering Kipps, in his blind gropings after an ideal, are followed with the liveliest interest.

He belongs to the small shop-keeping class, and his schooldays over, he is apprenticed to a draper at Folkestone. Here is a vivid and realistic picture of how his days were spent.

"His round began at half-past six in the morning, when he would descend, unwashed and shirtless, in old clothes and a scarf, and dust boxes and yawn, and take down wrappers, and clean the windows until eight. Then in half-an-hour he would complete his toilet, and take an austere breakfast of bread and margarine, and what only an Imperial Englishman would admit to be coffee, after which refreshment he ascended to the shop for the labours of the day. Commonly these began with a mighty running to and fro with planks and boxes and goods for the window-dresser, who, whether Kipps worked well or ill, nagged persistently, by reason of a chronic indigestion, until the window was done. Sometimes the costume-window had to be dressed, and then Kipps staggered down the whole length of the shop from the costume-room with one after another of those ladylike shapes grasped firmly but shamefully each about her single ankle of wood. Such days as there was no window-dressing there was a mighty carrying and lifting of blocks and bales of goods into piles and stacks. After this there were terrible exercises, at first almost despairfully difficult; certain sorts of goods that came in folded had to be rolled upon rollers, and for the most part refused absolutely to be rolled, at any rate by Kipps; certain other sorts of goods that came from the wholesalers rolled had to be measured and folded, and folding makes young apprentices wish they were dead. . . And now he had to stand by to furnish any help that was necessary to the seniors who served, to carry parcels and bills about the shop, to clear away "stuff" after each engagement, to hold up curtains until his arms ached, and, what was more difficult than all, to do nothing and not stare disconcertingly at customers when there was nothing for him to do. At half-past seven o'clock a feverish activity of "straightening up" began, and when the last shutter was up outside, Kipps, with the speed of an arrow leaving a bow, would start hanging wrappers over the fixtures and over the piles of wares upon the counters, preparatory to a vigorous scattering of wet sawdust and the sweeping out of the shop. At nine a supper of bread and cheese and watered beer awaited him downstairs, and that consumed, the rest of the day was entirely at his disposal for reading, recreation, and the improvement of his mind. The front door was locked at half-past ten, and the gas in the dormitory extinguished at eleven."

The seven long years of his apprenticeship having expired, Kipps continues at the establishment as an improver at twenty pounds a year. To fit himself to move with ease and pleasure in the circles to which he aspires, he attends an evening wood-carving class, and, as a matter of course, falls in love with his teacher, Miss Helen Walshingham, who embodies his ideal of culture and refinement. Kipps knows he can only worship from afar, though he cannot hide what he feels from his divinity. But when Helen learns that he has come into possession of a fortune of twenty-four thousand pounds, his admiration appears to her in a different aspect. Accordingly she helps him out with a proposal of marriage, and then proceeds to instruct him in the usages and customs of polite society. But Kipps proves an inapt pupil, and becomes extremely restless under the restraint of Helen's guidance.

In this part of the story Mr. Wells excels himself in the brilliantly humorous treatment of his subject, and the reader can only indulge in one prolonged chuckle. It should be said, however, that though one must perforce laugh at Kipps, so skilfully does the author go to work that the laughter is never unkindly.

A crisis soon arises, and Ann Pornick, an old sweetheart of his schooldays, makes her reappearance on the scene, and Kipps, unable to bear the situation that certain complications have brought about, rushes off to London and leaves matters at Folkestone to take care of themselves.

In his struggles to make himself "a gentleman," no social function presented more real terrors to him than the customs of a regulation dinner-table. On his arrival in London he went to the Royal Grand Hotel, and this is the description of one of many painful experiences:—

"Safe in his room, Kipps pulled himself together for dinner. He had learnt enough from young Walshingham (Helen's brother) to bring his dress clothes, and now he began to assume them. Unfortunately, in the excitement of his flight, he had forgotten to put in his other boots, and he was some time deciding between his purple cloth slippers with a golden marigold and the prospect of cleaning the boots he was wearing with the towel; but, finally, being a little footsore, he took the slippers.

Afterwards, when he saw the porters and waiters and the other guests catch sight of the slippers, he was sorry he had not chosen the boots. However, to make up for any want of style at that end, he had his crush hat under his arm.

He found the dining-room without excessive trouble. Kipps had never seen evening dress in full vigour before, and he doubted his eyes. The chief drawback to this magnificent place was the excessive space of floor that had to be crossed before you got your purple slippers hidden under a table.

He selected a little table—not the one where a rather impudent-looking waiter held a chair, but another—sat down, and, finding his gibus in his hand, decided after a moment of thought to rise slightly and sit on it.

He put the napkin carefully on one side, selected his soup without difficulty, "Clear, please," but he was rather floored by the presentation of a quite splendidly bound wine-card. Finally, he ordered a claret from about the middle of the list. "Let's 'ave some of this," he said. He knew claret was a good sort of wine.

"A half-bottle?" said the waiter.

"Right you are," said Kipps.

He felt he was getting on. He leant back after his soup, a man of the world, and then slowly brought his eyes round to the ladies in evening dress on his right. . .

He couldn't have thought it! They were scorchers. Jest a bit of black velvet over the shoulders! . . . .

It was over the *vol au vent* that he began to go to pieces. He took a knife to it; then saw the lady in pink was using a fork only, and hastily put down his knife, with a considerable amount of rich creaminess on the blade, upon the cloth. Then he found that a fork in his inexperienced hand was an instrument of chase rather than capture. His ears became violently red, and then he looked up to discover the lady in pink glancing at him, and then smiling, as she spoke to the man beside her.

He hated the lady in pink very much.

He stabbed a large piece of the *vol au vent* at last, and was too glad of his luck not to make a mouthful of it. But it was an extensive fragment, and pieces escaped him. Shirt front! "Dash it!" he said, and had resort to his spoon. His waiter went and spoke to two other waiters, no doubt jeering at him. He became very fierce suddenly. "'Ere!" he said, gesticulating; and then, "Clear this away!"

The entire dinner-party looked at him. He felt that everyone was watching him and making fun of him, and the injustice of this angered him. After all, they had had every advantage he hadn't. And then, when they got him there doing his best, what must they do but glance, and sneer, and nudge one another. He tried to catch them at it, and then took refuge in a second glass of wine. . . .

Mutton came with peas. He arrested the hand of the waiter. "No peas," he said. He knew something of the danger and difficulty of eating peas. Then, when the peas went away he was embittered again. Nice lot of people these were to laugh at anyone! Women half undressed.—It was that that made him so beastly uncom-

[1] Kipps. By H. G. Wells. Macmillan and Co. 6s.

fortable. How could one eat one's dinner with people about him like that? Nice lot they were. He was glad he wasn't one of them anyhow. Yes, they might look. He resolved, if they looked at him again, he would ask one of the men who he was staring at. . . .

"What's this?" said Kipps to a great green cone.

"Ice," said the waiter.

"I'll 'ave some," said Kipps.

He seized fork and spoon, and assailed the bombe. It cut rather stiffly. "Come up!" said Kipps, with concentrated bitterness, and the truncated summit of the bombe flew off suddenly, travelling eastward with remarkable velocity. Flop it went upon the floor a yard away, and for awhile time seemed empty.

At the adjacent table they were laughing altogether.

Shy the rest of the bombe at them?

Flight?

At any rate, a dignified withdrawal.

"No!" said Kipps, "no more," arresting the polite attempt of the waiter to serve him with another piece. He had a vague idea he might carry off the affair as though he meant the ice to go on the floor—not liking ice, for example, and being annoyed at the badness of his dinner. He put both hands on the table, thrust back his chair, disengaged a purple slipper from his napkin, and rose. He stepped carefully over the prostrate ice, kicked the napkin under the table, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and marched out—shaking the dust of the place, as it were, from his feet. He left behind him a melting fragment of ice upon the floor, his gibus hat, warm and compressed in his chair, and, in addition, every social ambition he had ever entertained in the world.

Finally, Kipps, in his disgust at his inability to hold his own in Helen's set, in his disenchantment, caused by a more intimate acquaintance with that young lady herself, and in the pleasure that the congenial companionship of Ann affords, elopes with the old love of his boyhood. Thereupon, deeper disaster begins. Kipps discovers that he has but struggled out of one slough of disappointment to find himself hopelessly engulfed in another. To crown all, he loses nearly the whole of his fortune. But this is really a blessing in disguise. He proves that work is more satisfactory than idleness, and in the bookselling-shop, of which he becomes the master, he is a far happier man than in the day of his wealth.

Such, briefly outlined, is the most human and sympathetic of all Mr. Wells's novels. It is written throughout with a rare insight into the grey and colourless lives of the class from which the hero springs, and is in every sense the best of good reading.

THE CARE OF INFANTS

THE Infant Life Protection Act formed the subject of an able paper read recently at the Poor-Law Conference of the South-Western district. The discussion turned mainly on the practical question of how far inspection really prevents carelessness to infants who are in alien care. Many strong arguments were adduced by Miss Zanetti, inspector for the Salford district, as to the need of altering the law so as to bring under supervision the foster-mothers who take only *one* child, and who are now free from inspection; not a few of these appear to be women who have acted as baby-farmers, and who, having lost their licence for neglect or other failings, adopt child after child singly, and so escape the eye of the law. The Diocesan Rescue Society opposes any change in this matter as tending to prevent their easily finding homes for illegitimate children, but, as one speaker proposed, this society might avoid the difficulty by providing a guarantee of inspection. Miss Brodie Hall spoke from practical experience of the good the Act had worked in Eastbourne, where a tactful and educated woman inspector carried out the work. Boards of guardians are the local authorities who have the power to set the Act in motion or to leave it inoperative; and on the question being raised whether the relieving officer was a suitable person to act as infant inspector, Miss Zanetti caused much merriment by her friendly criticism on the mere man's knowledge of infant care and feeding. Personally, we do not think men could fail in this matter more sadly and completely than women as a class have done, but the employment of a trained inspector is a different question, and we hardly think the local bell-ringer, who, *faute de mieux*, was appointed by one board for inspecting duty at a salary of five pounds a year, can have brought much light or leading to the subject of washing, feeding, and the best general care of babies! A practical suggestion was made that ladies with knowledge of the work should be appointed at what was termed a "peppercorn" salary; the work is very light in country districts and would prove really interesting to those who are impressed with the needs of a very important question.

With the general view of women's lack of business capacity it was instructive to note that when a question as to the power of the local authorities arose, involving reference to the wording of the Act, a lady in the audience was apparently the only individual who had wisely brought a copy, which was passed to the platform and proved most useful. One fact which was stated to us after the conference spoke volumes in favour of trained inspection: it was that in London the rate of mortality of infants in the case of inspected foster-mothers is lower than the mortality-rate of ordinary infants. Miss Clifford's paper on "Young Unmarried Mothers in Workhouses" was very valuable, and it is interesting to note that her experience as a guardian does not cause her to advise the detention of these cases as is often urged.

LADY DUDLEY'S NURSING SCHEME

HER Excellency the Countess of Dudley, who, in consequence of the change of Government, is leaving Ireland, has resigned the chairmanship of her district nursing fund. A deputation of the nurses from the various districts waited on her Excellency recently, consisting of:—County Donegal—Nurse L. M'Mahon, Arranmore Island; Nurse C. Brady, Anagrey. County Mayo—Nurse C. M'William, Achill; Nurse L. Trinham, Ballycroy; Nurse E. M'Evoy, Geesala. County Roscommon—Nurse A. Killeen, Roscommon. County Galway—Nurse E. Cusack, Bealadangan; Nurse C. Wills, Carna; Nurse A. Leyden, Cashel; Nurse E. Donald, Inveran. County Kerry—Nurse M. Farrelly, Killorglin. County Cork—Nurse A. Walshe, Glengariff. Miss Mary Lamont, superintendent of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute of Nurses, was also present.

An address was read by Nurse Cusack, one of the first nurses to be appointed under the scheme. It touched on the gratitude of the nurses to her Excellency in visiting their various districts, and cheering them on in their work. "It is with delight that we learn of your Excellency's intention, at some future time, to re-visit us in the localities where we work, and it is with the keenest pleasure that we shall look forward to these visits." A gold cloak clasp was then presented to Lady Dudley, which consisted of two Tara brooches linked. The brooches are modelled from the original "Tara brooch, and are set with pearls from the River Slaney. The names of the nurses are inscribed on the back, while on the outside of the case is a little plaque bearing the nurses' badge.

Her Excellency, in replying to the address and presentation, after expressing her gratitude for the gift, spoke of the loyalty and devotion of the nurses. Out of the thirteen nurses who are attached to her Excellency's scheme, twelve were present, the absentee being Nurse Donald, who had contracted typhus fever during the discharge of her duties.

A NURSE'S INVENTION

A MOST admirable little steriliser, a pocket edition one might call it, has been designed by Miss Böge, "Queen's" superintendent at Shoreditch, especially for the use and convenience of district nurses, who find such an addition to the district bag most welcome. The steriliser is made in the best block-tin; it measures only 7½in. by 1½in., and weighs 7½ozs. Its price is 3s. 2½d., post free. Nurses wishing to possess themselves of this steriliser should write to Miss Böge, 80 Nichols-square, Hackney-road, N.E.

OPENING OF THE HAMPSTEAD HOSPITAL

As a welcome change, indeed, from the lugubrious moanings and groanings of an impecunious city, came the noble windfall of £20,000, lately given by an anonymous "he, she, or it," as announced by the president, Sir Henry Harben, at the formal opening of the new hospital at Hampstead by her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, on December 16th, at three p.m. A large and fashionable audience graced the occasion. The marquee, in which the opening took place, erected upon the site of the proposed extension, was prettily decorated in red and white. Scarlet, undoubtedly, was the predominant colour, the guard of honour being composed of the 1st C.B. the Royal Fusiliers, by kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel Frank Sheffield. A choir helped out the instrumental music, consisting of a dozen girls of the Cavendish Home, who also wore little scarlet bows and hat-bands, the blue and white of the nurses' uniforms making a pleasant contrast. Her Royal Highness was received upon arrival at the main entrance by Sir Henry Harben, the Mayor, and reception committee, and a bouquet was presented by Miss Rosa Gregory. After inspecting the hospital, with which she was well pleased, the Princess was conducted to the dais in the marquee. Sir Henry Harben, in making his welcome announcement, said that the £20,000 was conditional upon the raising of £5,000. The good tidings were greeted with tremendous and prolonged applause. The Bishop of London then conducted a short dedication service, commencing with the beautiful hymn so familiar to all nurses, "Thou to whom the sick and dying," and ending with one or two short prayers. The phrasing of some of the sentences composing the prayers gave a high note, indeed, to all the proceedings, and the cry of "Prosper all the works of tenderness and skill that shall be done in Thy Spirit, and bless this home for ever to the assuaging of pain, the solace of helplessness and weariness, and to the last comfort of the dying" must have gone home to the hearts of those nurses present, to whom were given these high privileges. The service concluded, her Royal Highness declared the hospital open, and then unveiled a portrait of Dr. Heath Strange, who founded the hospital twenty-four years ago. Before she left, the Princess took tea with the matron, Miss Rosa Gregory.

The patients seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the occasion, and one woman was heard declaring with glee that the "Princess bowed to me twice, she did." A very excellent feature of the new hospital is a continuation of old methods, viz., some special paying wards. The fees are from 12s. 6d. a week, and the wards contain five beds. There are besides one or two three-guinea wards, inclusive fees if the operation is performed by the hospital staff.

ENTERTAINMENT AT THE CANCER HOSPITAL

From the peals of laughter to be heard issuing from the portals of the out-patient department on the evening of December 18th at about eight o'clock, the treatment of cancer would seem to be a most enlivening process. Upon further inquiry, however, we found that distraction, and not treatment, was in course of development, and that sounds of "revelry by night" were being produced by the Rovers' Dramatic Club, who were adding their mite to the many other occasions when bands of amateur dramatic clubs have devoted an evening to amusing their less fortunate brethren. The audience is composed of patients, nurses, wardmaids, and a few visitors. It is a pathetic sight to see the worn faces, bearing only too plainly evidences of malignant growth, in some instances half the head covered with bandages, and as freely representing youth as age. Two or three long couches were in the very front, and all the mad fun and frolic could not quite disperse the sadness of that young and comely boy who roared over every joke from his prone position. The matron, Miss Shotter, in her bright blue uniform and long white army cap, enhances the air of the picturesque which uniform always lends to festive occasions, while her kindly smile flashing here, there, and everywhere plainly denoted her intimate touch with patients and nurses alike. We are glad the entertainments usually take the form of a farce—something laughter-compelling, and quite free from the tragedy that already exists in the hospital. Could the Rovers' Dramatic Club have heard the comments as well as done the acting they would have been gratified at the undoubted success of their efforts. These entertainments are given quite free, the slight expenses being paid by the hospital. On January 1st, 1906, a very grand performance is to take place, in honour of the festive season. Rumour has it that other hospitals, notably the London, are going to help, and patients and nurses alike are looking forward to the evening of the New Year with ardent anticipation.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MUSICAL SOCIETY

A concert was given by the musical society in the library of the medical school on Thursday evening last, December 14th, in aid of the fund of the students' cot. A large and appreciative audience was present, among whom were the matron and a number of the nursing staff.

Miss Florence Wooster and Miss Minda de Morgan (sisters to two of the students of St. Mary's) sang charmingly, and Miss Ethel Walker greatly entertained the audience with two of her clever musical sketches. One notable feature of the evening was the exquisite rendering of Blumenthal's "Message" by Mr. Philip Newbury—principal tenor of the Royal Italian opera. During the interlude between the first and second parts, refreshments were provided by the president, Dr. Hyslop, and were greatly appreciated.

The object of the Students' Cot Association is the support of a cot for a sick child in one of the children's wards of the hospital. Each member of the Association pledges himself to collect a sum not less than £1 during each year of his membership, and the amount collected is devoted either to the annual upkeep of the cot (£40) or to the permanent endowment fund (£500). As a result of the concert, nearly £30 was realised.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S IMPERIAL MILITARY NURSING SERVICE

The following ladies have received appointments as staff nurses:—Miss J. G. Dalton, Miss E. B. Darnell, and Miss M. German. Postings and transfers at home.—Staff nurses: Miss J. S. G. Gardiner, to Military Hospital, Chatham, on appointment; Miss M. S. Williams, to Military Hospital, Colchester, on appointment. Postings and transfers abroad.—Sisters: Miss A. Guthrie from Pretoria and Miss L. M. Todd from Maritzburg to Middelburg, Cape Colony; Miss M. E. Harding, Miss J. Hoadley, R.R.C., Miss E. J. Martin, Miss A. Nixon, and Miss S. I. Snowdon, to England on expiration of tour abroad.

NOTES FOR MIDWIVES

The advantages of a small and harmonious meeting of the Central Midwives Board were apparent last week, when five members only were present, and a very respectable amount of business was got through in the course, first of a standing committee, and then of the Board. Several midwives against whom their Local Supervising Authorities have found *primâ facie* cases of negligence or misconduct, are cited to appear before a special meeting of the Board on January 30th. With respect to one of these cases, Mr. Parker Young drew attention to the fact that the woman now cited had been admitted to the roll on the strength of a certificate of good character given by a clergyman, the Rev. F. H. Richings, St. Clement's, Worcester, the midwife having only two months previously been convicted of larceny. Mr. Parker Young read the letters which had passed between the secretary and this gentleman, and expressed his strong feeling, in which the Board concurred, that such laxness on the part of those undertaking the responsible duty of signing these certifi-

cates is most reprehensible; indeed, as the Chairman said, "disgraceful." It is indeed amazing that responsible persons, knowing that the issues of life and death are in the hands of a midwife, should bring themselves to give such misleading certificates.

A number of institutions, teachers, and midwives were approved, a long list being disposed of. The chief question of interest that came up was not on the agenda. It was a letter from the Cheltenham District Nurses' Home, a copy of which had been sent to each member of the Board, asking for the Board's consideration of their difficulties. To put a long story in brief, the changes which have been made in the dates and the number of the yearly examinations of the Board have so operated in the case of this home, that it has become impossible for the schedules of the present pupils to be signed up in time for the next examination. This means serious loss, both to the home, and especially to one or two of the pupil midwives, who are due at appointments, one abroad, one in Ireland. Miss Wilson said she always deprecated making exceptions, but in this instance she thought the hardship was proved, and that, as the vacillation of the Board in regard to the dates of the examinations had really been to blame, she hoped the Board would allow the schedules in this case to be signed the necessary number of days later. Mr. Parker Young took the same view, and seconded a resolution of Miss Wilson's to be brought forward at the next meeting, due notice having to be given, and a former resolution rescinded. It must, indeed, be hoped that red tape objections to this course may not be allowed to prevail; during these early days a certain amount of leniency and consideration for unavoidable difficulties should surely be permitted, and the Board has been to blame by reason of its indecision. These difficulties can never occur when the initial stage of the Act is over, and much needless hardship must be caused if hard and fast adherence to the letter of the regulations is made to triumph over common sense.

The report of the Hereford County Nursing Association contains some very clear and admirable notices to midwives, which should help to make the operations of the Act better understood. The committee point out the various restrictions placed by the Act and by the rules of the Central Midwives Board upon the practice of midwives, in particular "two important restrictions placed by them (and therefore imposed by law) on all certificated practising midwives—whether trained or women of the old type holding certificates, viz.: (1) The obligation to send for medical help in abnormal cases, and (2) the prohibition to perform the last offices for the dead. It should be fully understood that these restrictions are imposed by law on all registered acting midwives, quite independently of any county or local nursing association. The committee wish also to call the attention of all certificated midwives practising within the county to Section 10 of the Midwives Act, 1902, which enjoins that each such woman before commencing so to practise shall give notice in writing of such intention to the local supervising authority (*i.e.*, the Clerk to the County Council), and shall repeat such notice in the month of January in every succeeding year during which she continues so to practise; and if she omits to give such notices she shall on summary conviction be liable to a fine not exceeding £5. The committee think that this section of the Act, and the penalty for non-compliance therewith, cannot be too widely made known amongst practising midwives."

The coroners generally are determined to go one better than the Midwives Act, and they can hardly be blamed for doing their best to frighten the unskilled and dangerous "Gamp" out of the field of midwifery. At an inquest on a one-day old infant at Oldham recently the Borough Coroner warned the "midwife," who "had been going out as a nurse for thirty to forty years," that "the law says it must be either a midwife or a doctor, and does not allow people who are not qualified to take responsibilities of this kind," a method of ante-dating the operations of the Act, which in this case made the woman in question undertake "not to do it again"—a very desirable result under the circumstances.

NEWS ITEMS

From the annual report of the Elgin District Nursing Association we learn that Miss Cowper, superintendent of the Central Home in Edinburgh, spoke very highly of the way in which Nurse Munro and Nurse Denholme have carried on the work during the past year. They had paid 6,159 visits, and one case had been nursed in the home. The society had to regret the loss of a good friend in the death of Mr. Robert Hay, the generous donor of their nurses' home. The secretary was able to report that the financial condition of the society was in a satisfactory condition.

A meeting of the New York State Branch of the American National Red Cross Society was recently held in the City. The movement to start a Red Cross Society, which has only just been started, has met with great success, and several branches have been started in other cities. The idea in view is to have an organisation ready for prompt action in time of war or serious catastrophe, such as vast conflagrations, &c. A permanent corps of medical officers and nurses will be enrolled, who will hold themselves ready for any emergency service which may be required of them.

A short lantern service was recently held in the chapel attached to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. It was intended chiefly for those patients who were well enough to come down to the chapel, but many of the nurses gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to attend.

An excellent concert was given on Tuesday afternoon in Ward A of the Queen Alexandra Military Hospital.

A new Workhouse Infirmary has just been opened at Stepping Hill, Stockport. The new building is built in pavilions, each having three floors. The nurses' quarters are in one of the pavilions, while in each case the nurses' duty-rooms are attached to the wards. There is accommodation for 36 nurses, 24 officials, and 240 patients.

The Aberdeen Parish Council have, we are glad to see, appointed a superintendent nurse for the poor-houses at a salary of £45. Amendments that a superintendent nurse was not necessary, and that the salary should be reduced to £40, met with no support.

At the annual meeting of the Gateshead Nursing Association, the report showed that 25,113 visits had been paid by the nurses during the past year. The work had been carried on very successfully under the able management of Miss Andrew, the superintendent. There have been changes in the nursing staff, but the number of nurses remains the same. The financial outlook is not very reassuring, as the necessary expenditure for last year exceeded the receipts by over £600, thus leaving the society to begin its year's work hampered by this liability. Miss Grove, visiting superintendent of the Q.V.J.I., gave a very satisfactory report on the occasion of her inspection visit.

The sale of work in aid of the St. Elizabeth's Home for District Nursing in Glasgow, recently held, was largely attended. The matron and several of the nurses took part in selling the many tempting goods that were displayed. The Countess of Glasgow, who performed the opening ceremony, spoke very warmly of the great benefit a nurse was to the poor in their own homes in times of sickness. Often the parents had not time to look after their sick children, and were too ignorant to know what to do for them, and were thankful to be able to get a nurse to come and "do the right thing." Lonely old people, too, found the district nurse a great boon.

NURSES' SOCIAL UNION.—On December 13th and December 15th, Dr. Joscelyne gave demonstrations of the machinery and working of the Röntgen Rays, high frequency battery, and other electrical apparatus at his residence in Taunton. The meetings were attended by a number of nurses from the surrounding neighbourhood, who greatly appreciated Dr. and Mrs. Jocelyne's kindness and hospitality.

THE report of the TRURO DISTRICT NURSING ASSOCIATION is full of interest to all concerned. Many changes have been made in the nursing staff during the past year, owing to illness and other causes, but all the nurses who have carried on the work have received great commendation from the late superintendent of the Q.V.J.I., on the occasion of her inspection visit, and also from Miss Wimberley, the superintendent of the Cornwall County Association. For some time Nurse Paddy, who has worked with the local society for seven years, had to carry on the work single-handed.

AT a recent meeting of the WALLSEND NURSING ASSOCIATION, Mrs. Henderson, who is resigning the presidentship, in consequence of leaving the neighbourhood, was the recipient of a handsome gift from the members of the committee and others. The testimonial took the form of a pair of silver candlesticks, a silver pen-tray, a writing-table, an armchair, tea-table, and cake-stand, with a framed list of the donors' names. The presentation was made by Mrs. Stuart, who, in a short speech, spoke with great warmth of Mrs. Henderson's work as president of the Association ever since its beginning, eleven years ago. There was a large gathering, among whom were the two Queen's nurses—Nurse Harris and Nurse Endby.

WE learn that a female patient in the M.A.B. NORTH-WEST FEVER HOSPITAL, who was suffering from scarlet fever, has recently made her escape. She had been taken to the hospital from Holloway Gaol, where she was undergoing a sentence.

A NEW departure has been made as to lectures at the Homœopathic Hospital, Easy Row, Birmingham, this winter. The nurses have attended the lectures given by Dr. Walter Jordan at the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

A GRAND bazaar has just been held at Thirsk to raise £600 for the purpose of building an extension to the Lambert Memorial Hospital in the town. The Hon. G. E. Lascelles performed the opening ceremony, and in his speech alluded to the great need for the extension of this very useful institution. It is proposed to build rooms for the nurses or a district nurse above the new ward and operating theatre.

APPOINTMENTS

Bermondsey Parish Infirmary.—Miss M. Moreland has been appointed charge nurse.

Bradford Union Hospital.—Miss G. Wickham has been appointed ward sister. She received her training at the Stockport General Infirmary, and has since been sister at the Grove Hospital, sister at the Portsmouth Infirmary, and sister at the Chadwell Hospital.

Bristol Parish Infirmary.—Miss M. A. Thomson has been appointed charge nurse.

Cheadle Union Infirmary.—Miss H. S. Marfleet has been appointed superintendent nurse.

Dover Borough Fever Hospital.—Miss L. E. Stephens has been appointed charge nurse. She was trained at the Tonbridge Union Infirmary, and at the Mill Lane Fever Hospital, Liscard, Cheshire.

Hackney Union Infirmary.—Miss A. Sim has been appointed staff nurse.

Lewisham Union Infirmary.—Miss A. W. Gooding has been appointed head nurse.

Lower Sydenham Home and Infirmary for Sick Children.—Miss Ray has been appointed matron in place of Miss Ather. She received her training at the Great Northern Central Hospital, London, and was subsequently sister night superintendent at St. Mark's Hospital, City-road, and assistant matron at the Alexandra Hospital for Hip Disease, Queen-square, London.

Manchester Victoria Memorial Jewish Hospital.—Miss A. E. Jorus has been appointed nurse matron. She was trained at the Guest Hospital, Dudley, and was afterwards nurse matron of the Tipton Isolation Hospital, and staff nurse at the Victoria Memorial Jewish Hospital, Manchester. She has also done private nursing.

Middlesbrough Union Infirmary.—Miss E. M. Jones has been appointed charge nurse.

Nottingham, Basford Fever Hospital.—Mrs. M. E. Byrne has been appointed sister. She was trained at the Shoreditch Infirmary, and has since been a staff nurse there.

Queen Charlotte Lying-in Hospital.—Miss A. M. Garratt has been appointed superintendent of the Nurses' Home. She received her training at Dulwich Infirmary, and was afterwards sister there; then home sister at the Bethnal Green Infirmary and house-keeping sister at University College Hospital.

St. George's Union Infirmary.—Miss A. M. Welchman has been appointed head nurse.

St. Marylebone Union Infirmary.—Miss R. G. Stuart has been appointed head nurse.

Shoreditch Infirmary.—Miss E. Duncan has been appointed night superintendent. She received her training at St. George's Hospital, London, and has since been charge nurse at Gore Fever Hospital, Tooting, and sister and maternity sister at the Lewisham Union Infirmary. She holds the C.M.B. certificate. Miss M. McNicol has been appointed ward sister. She was trained at the Western Infirmary, Glasgow, and has since been sister there, and at Bellefield Sanatorium, Lanark. Miss E. Mercer has been appointed ward sister. She was trained at the Nottingham General Hospital and the Royal Maternity Hospital, Edinburgh, and has since been charge nurse at the Gore Fever Hospital, Tooting.

Southampton Incorporation Infirmary.—Miss E. L. Smith has been appointed head nurse.

Wantage Union Workhouse.—Miss Lydia Banham, of Bury St. Edmunds, has been appointed nurse.

Willesden Parish Infirmary.—Miss E. Hodnett has been appointed charge nurse.

RESIGNATION

WOOLWICH UNION.—Miss Mary Farmer has resigned her position as head nurse.

COMPETITION VIII

WE offer a prize of one guinea and three prizes of half-a-guinea for the best photograph, or set of photographs, sent in as the actual work of the competitors. The photographs may illustrate any subject of interest to our readers directly connected with nursing methods or indirectly illustrating hospital life, or any personal experiences. In fact, no restriction is made as to the subject, provided it is interesting and suitable for reproduction in this journal. A few words of explanation should be sent with each picture.

All photographs must reach this office by December 23rd, and the result will be announced in our issue of December 30th. Any photograph not gaining a prize will be paid for if published.

COMING EVENTS

JANUARY 19TH.—General meeting of the Midwives' Institute.

All Editorial communications to be addressed to The Editor, "The Nursing Times,"
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